Nihil Obstat
JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,
Censor Dep.

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PASSIONIST ALMANAC

JULY 1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Thurs.	THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.	Bro. Isidore (Mooney), C.P.—1895.
2 Fri.	THE VISITATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.	
3 Sat.	St. Leo II, P.C.	Conf. Leo (Holohan), C.P.—1864.
4 **SUN.**	✠**7th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
5 Mon.	St. Anthony Mary Zaccaria, C.	
6 Tues.	Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.	
7 Wed.	SS. Cyril and Methodius, BB., CC.	
8 Thurs.	St. Elizabeth, W.	Rev. Fr. Albert (McKillop), C.P.—1920.
9 Fri.	Mother of Holy Hope.	
10 Sat.	Seven Holy Brothers and Comps., MM.	
11 **SUN.**	✠**8th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
12 Mon.	St. John Gualbert, Abbot.	
13 Tues.	St. Anacletus, P.M.	
14 Wed.	St. Bonaventure, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Clement (Doran), C.P.—1877.
15 Thurs.	St. Henry, Emperor, C.	Rev. Fr. Constantine (Lambertini), C.P.—1846. Conf. Benignus (Kavanagh), C.P.—1870.
16 Fri.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel.	
17 Sat.	St. Alexis, C.	
18 **SUN.**	✠**9th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.**	
19 Mon.	St. Vincent de Paul, C.	V. Rev. Fr. Denis (Eganton), C.P.—1886.
20 Tues.	St. Jerome Aemilian, C.	V. Rev. Fr. Egwin (Wilkes), C.P.—1933.
21 Wed.	St. Praxede, V.	Rev. Fr. Hilarion (Shanahan), C.P.—1888.
22 Thurs.	St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.	
23 Fri.	St. Apollinaris, B.M.	Rev. Fr. Maurice-Jerome (De Nolf), C.P.—1890.
24 Sat.	Vigil of St. James, Ap.	
25 **SUN.**	✠ST. JAMES, Ap.	
26 Mon.	ST. ANNE, Mother of Our Blessed Lady.	
27 Tues.	St. Pantaleon, M.	Conf. Finbar (Lane), C.P.—1930.
28 Wed.	St. Nazarius and Comps., MM.	Rev. Fr. Hubert (De Neve), C.P.—1866.
29 Thurs.	St. Martha, V.	
30 Fri.	SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM.	
31 Sat.	St. Ignatius Loyola, C.	

Abbreviations: Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. P.—Pope. C.—Confessor. V.—Virgin. D.—Doctor. W.—Widow.

CONTENTS

		Page
EDITORIAL NOTES	*The Managing Editor*	94
THE ONLY WAY	*Stanley B. James*	97
ALPINE ADVENTURE	*Dominic P. Gilfedder*	100
FOUR FLIGHTS UP	*George H. Waldron*	105
ORDINATION OF PASSIONISTS		109
SOMETHING WORTH HAVING	*Alfred Grosch*	110
TO MY DEAD MOTHER (*Poem*)	*P. J. McGuigan*	112
"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED"	*Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.*	114
MARIA GORETTI	*Rev. Fr. Ultan, C.P.*	116
THE SYLLABUS OF ERRORS		119
THE HEART OF A WOMAN	*May Nevin*	120
THE WORK OF SISTER FRANCIS	*M. V. Reidy*	124
WANDERER IN THE WASTELAND	*Alice Dease*	127
THE PROBLEM PAGE (*Serial Story*)	*Frances MacBride*	129

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I heartily impart my special
Benediction to the Readers of the Cro
Libby of St. Paul of the Cross
General of the Passionists
Rome, May 20th 1937

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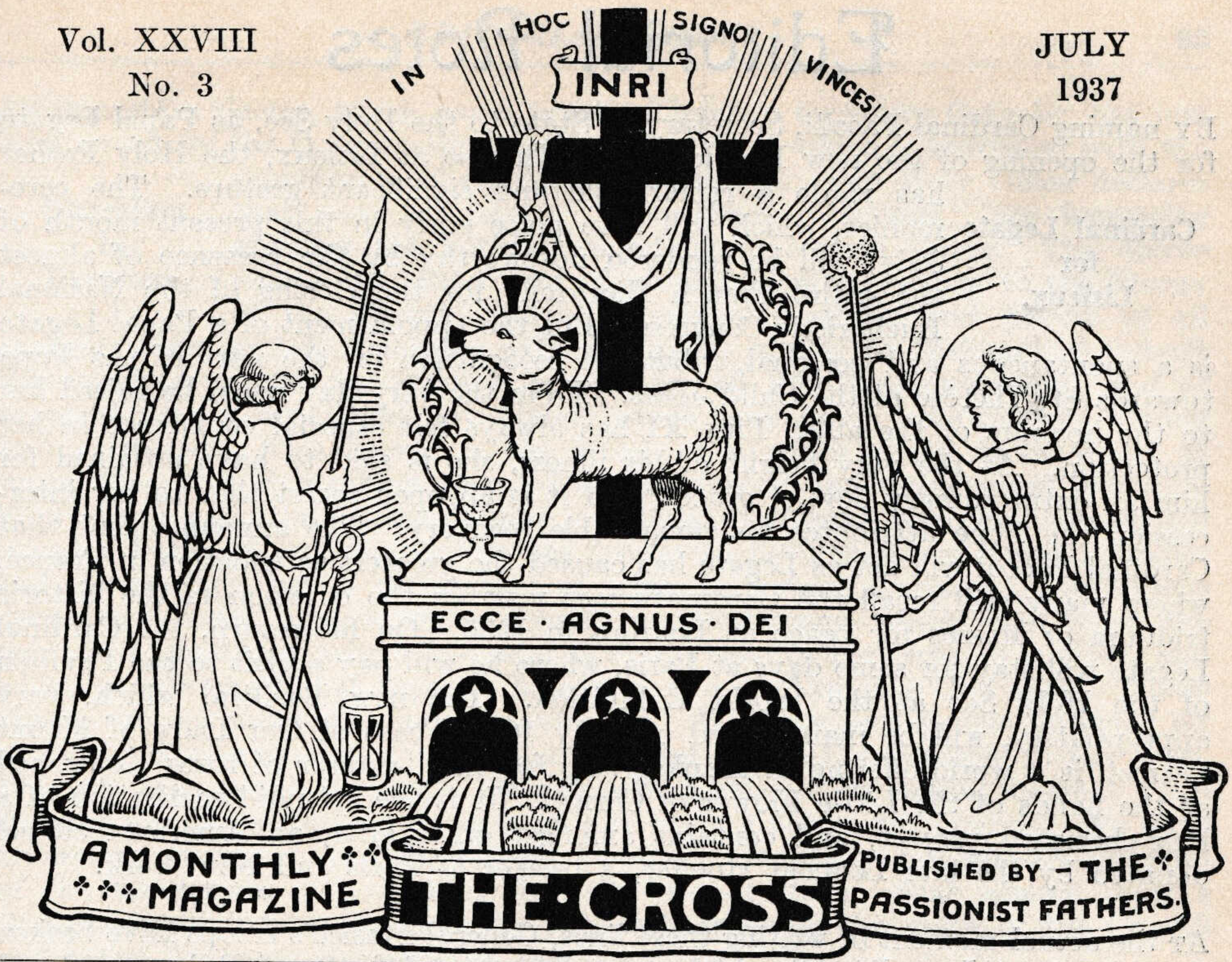
1937



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To the *newly*-elected
Father-General of the Passionist Congregation
Most Rev. Fr. Titus of St. Paul of the Cross
WHO GRACIOUSLY BESTOWS HIS BLESSING UPON ALL OUR READERS
"The Cross"
ON THEIR BEHALF RETURNS MOST GRATEFUL THANKS
at the same time
EXTENDING CORDIAL AND RESPECTFUL CONGRATULATIONS UPON HIS
ELECTION TO THE HIGH OFFICE OF SUCCESSOR TO
St. Paul of the Cross
Founder and First General of the Passionists

Editorial Notes

Cardinal Legate for Lisieux.

By naming Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of State to the Holy See, as Papal Legate for the opening of the new Basilica of St. Thérèse at Lisieux, the Holy Father has made a remarkable and significant gesture. The ceremonies, which will take place early in this present month of July, will be rendered noteworthy by the presence of almost the entire French Hierarchy for the closing of the National Eucharistic Congress. But the appointment of a Papal Legate is a spontaneous and personal tribute of recognition on the part of the Pope towards St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus. From the very day when he raised her to the honours of the altar, Pius XI has always felt especial confidence in her protection. At the very height of his illness, she is said to have obtained for him an extraordinary flow of graces, and it is an open secret that to her intercession the Pope attributes his remarkable recovery. The announcement that Cardinal Pacelli will act as Legate has caused the greatest satisfaction in France, where many still recall the Cardinal's last visit on the occasion of the historic triduum of Masses for peace at Lourdes in 1935. On his return, the Cardinal Legate will stay for some days at Paris, where he will pay a visit to the Pavilion of the Holy See at the World Exhibition. The new Basilica, which, very appropriately, will be inaugurated on July 16th, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, is a world-offering in thanksgiving for the "shower of roses" obtained at the hands of the Little Flower of Carmel. It is the splendid realisation of a long-cherished project, and contains amongst other gifts, an American chapel donated by the late Leopold Hueffer, a banker of Paris and New York.

* * * * *

Bilbao and the Basques.

At the actual moment of writing these lines, General Franco's troops have broken through the "Iron Ring" which was the main defence of Bilbao, and are rapidly completing the encircling movement which will enable them to occupy the town. Probably by the time that this note appears, the town will have surrendered to the Nationalist forces—though with the example of Madrid in mind, no one would venture on an absolute prediction. Clever Red propaganda has completely deceived world opinion upon the Basque question. "Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just—but four times he that gets his blow in first" is a trite and facile phrase which excellently describes the Communist manoeuvre. In innumerable cases they have got in first with their story, even when it has been demonstrably false. The propaganda about the Basques is a case in point. What are the facts? There are four provinces in the Spanish Basque country: Alava, Guipuzcoa, Navarre and Viscaya. The first three provinces have already thrown in their lot with General Franco; so also has the half of Viscaya. So that the "Autonomous Government of Euzkadi," headed by "President" Aguirre, amounted to just half of one province. Taking the figures of the 1920 census, we find that 919,500 Basques stand by General Franco, and 204,500 have allied themselves with the Anarchist-Communist Government of Madrid and Valencia. At a Congress of the French Socialist Party, a well-known French Basque deputy, Ybarnegaray did not mince his words. "I denounce as a shameful manoeuvre the appeal to humanity on behalf of the Basques; and also the Communist lie, reproduced daily in the Press of the 'Popular Front' that the Basque country is being devastated by Franco's aeroplanes." Bilbao itself, spearhead of the Basque separatists, has always been a Socialist-Communist stronghold. It has given to the Red Government, Indalecio Prieto, Red Minister of Defence. To Prieto, newspaper proprietor and politician, is due the deception of those misguided Basques who aligned themselves with the Reds. The vast majority, true to their religious traditions, to their conscience and to Spain, have taken their stand with General Franco.

AN important decree, which has a practical interest for every Catholic, has just been issued by the Congregation of the Holy Office, which is entrusted with the supervision of rites and ceremonies. The Holy Office declares that new ceremonies, "sometimes ridiculous," are increasing amongst the faithful, especially in certain places. The decree points out that forms of worship should conform to the liturgy of the Church, which is eminently simple and devoid of all exaggeration; and it concludes with an urgent appeal to Bishops throughout the world to enforce the strictest respect for all Pontifical ordinances, and to suppress with a firm hand any abuses which may have unfortunately sprung into existence. This decree is the latest of a series which have aimed at suppressing absurd manifestations of an unbalanced and exaggerated devotion. Four years ago, the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani issued a letter of warning against the too-lavish decorations of flowers, candles and electric light before the statues of saints in certain churches. The present decree is directed against those popular manifestations, which even reach the point of superstition, where one saint is extravagantly preferred to another, and where people forget that supreme homage is due to Almighty God alone. These abuses are not unknown amongst ourselves. We have seen people hurrying off to light a votive candle at the actual moment of the Consecration in the Mass. We have seen people seeking a blessing with a relic at the actual moment when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was being given in the church. We have known people who make "the Fifteen Tuesdays" regularly, but who are forgetful of the far-stricter obligation of the fifty-two Sundays. Such abuses show a thoughtlessness which is criminal. Let us hearken to the voice of the Church and strive for some discretion in our devotions.

Discretion in Devotion.

* * * * *

A MOST informative and comprehensive twopence-worth is the *Interim Report on Slum Clearance in Dublin* (1937), just issued by the Citizens' Housing Council. The Council was called into being as a direct consequence of the series of articles in the *Irish Press* last year, which sharply focussed public attention upon the Dublin slums, and which, as the compilers justly remark "aroused a sense of horror and alarm in those who read them." In twenty pages, this Report gives an outline of the situation which certainly affords food for thought. Facts and figures are adduced in abundance to give some idea of the magnitude of the problem, and the utter inadequacy of the steps so far taken to provide a solution. In Dublin there are 8,000 families living in tenements which have been *condemned as unfit for human habitation* by the Medical Officer of Health. In addition, 1,500 families are occupying unfit basements. Therefore, 9,500 dwellings (whether houses or flats) are required *immediately*. And the maximum number of houses completed by the Corporation in any one year is 1,522! The causes of this inadequacy are detailed as follows: Shortage of skilled labour, understaffing in the Housing Architect's office, shortage of material, strikes and lock-outs. It is to be noticed particularly that shortage of funds is not presently a cause of delay. After examining economic and financial aspects of the problem, the Report considers the respective merits of garden suburbs and block flats. Notice that it takes £600 to erect a three-room flat, whilst a three-room cottage will cost only £400. The important question of the cost of transport is subjected to detailed and devastating analysis, and the Report, which we hope will be widely-circulated and carefully studied, adds a number of general conclusions which merit attention. We thoroughly endorse the attitude summed up in two pithy phrases of this Report: "Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of this slum clearance, neither old laws nor vested interests (whether house or ground). If the citizens of Dublin demand that the slums be removed, they must be removed."

Slum Clearance in Dublin.

Erasmus Smith Case Ended?

In answer to a question in the Dáil, President de Valera announced that after lengthy negotiations between the Governors of the Erasmus Smith Schools and the Attorney-General, an agreement has been reached which will be submitted to the Court, upon an application that further proceedings be stayed. This may mark the end of one of the most remarkable cases ever to have come before the Irish Courts. The litigation, commenced in October, 1929, has already lasted over seven years, and its cost has been estimated at about £53,000. The question at issue was: What was the paramount intention of Erasmus Smith in endowing the schools founded by him? Was it educational or religious? The hearing at High Court occupied twenty-four days, in the course of which nine witnesses only were examined, but 5,570 questions were asked and answered, the evidence covering nearly 500 printed pages of foolscap. The Court decided that the paramount intention was educational; whereupon an appeal was lodged by the Governors. At the Supreme Court, the appeal occupied in all thirty-nine days, the hearing being continued at intervals from November 1932 to March 1933. The Judges were the late Chief Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Murnaghan and Mr. Justice Johnson. A long interval followed; and then Chief Justice Kennedy died at the end of last year before judgment was given on the appeal. The situation was one of the most peculiar and most complicated in the history of the Irish Courts. It was believed that a re-hearing of the appeal would be necessary, a course which all concerned were anxious to avoid if possible. The agreement between the Attorney-General and the Governors may lead to a final solution of the case. Since the matter is still *sub judice* it would be highly improper to offer comment upon the points at issue. But we may add that both the Catholic and the Presbyterian special defendants have publicly signified that they have not yet assented to the proposed settlement. So perhaps we have not yet heard the end of the Erasmus Smith Case.

* * * * *

The Terror in Russia.

When we penned our note last month about Russia, we little guessed that world-attention would so soon be turned again to that unhappy country. Within the past month another batch of summary executions has taken place, and Marshal Tukachevsky, with almost the entire Russian General Staff, has been removed from the scene. We hold no brief for the executed men, but we are entitled to ask: What manner of country can that be, where such events are regarded as a matter of course? The whole procedure was marked by a cold-blooded and inhuman ferocity which cannot be paralleled in any country making even a pretence at civilisation. The "trial" was farcical, for there was not even an attempt to give a judicial flavour to the proceedings. Condemnation was certain and was followed by speedy execution, details of which are shrouded in impenetrable secrecy. Stalin follows the methods of Oriental despotism, with the ruthlessness which has always characterised him. And the "friends of Soviet Russia" are hard put to it to find a plausible explanation which will quickly satisfy their credulous audience. Nor does the world appear the least bit shocked over such an occurrence. If such a thing had happened in Italy under Mussolini, or, as it similarly did happen, under Hitler in Germany in the Nazi Purge of 1934, the whole world would rock with denunciation. Every long-haired, wild-eyed, ranting Radical would foam at the mouth in an attempt to vocalise his vituperative rage. But when it happens in Russia, a strange silence reigns. No protest meetings; no letters to the press; no self-appointed commission of enquiry; no visit by perambulating busybodies from the British Houses of Parliament or from sundry Anglican deaneries! Does it not all seem rather strange? Or is the world gone completely mad? For our own part we can only express our bewilderment that so obvious a disparity could arouse no spark of comment in any organ of public opinion of any shade of thought.

The Only Way

STANLEY B. JAMES

Instead of the moralistic cult to which Modernism reduces Christianity, we have in Catholicism a religion which strikes down at the hidden roots of personality—a disturbing thing which upsets our complacency and necessitates a re-orientation of life : : : :

THERE is a passage in the Autobiography of Johannes Jorgensen, the Danish poet, which I have often pondered, for it seems to me to strike a very profound note. The poet relates how as a boy he found the possibilities of the life which stretched before him limited by a consideration which he states with much force. We think of youth as dreaming of unbounded freedom and travelling an open road that seems to lead wherever it pleases. Young Jorgensen, however, realized that this vision of unbounded freedom was fallacious. But let him speak for himself! Referring to himself in the third person, he writes : "And then a feeling of helpless and hopeless misery surged over the boy—the misery of simply existing. For he realised that he *was*, and that there was no other state of being but this. This world, in which he and all other human beings were living, this existence, which included everything and everybody, himself, his parents, his brothers and sisters, all his relations, the minister, the schoolmaster, the magistrate, the doctor, the prefect of the district, the king—and all the people in *all* kingdoms and countries—it was the only existence there was—God was in deadly earnest about it—there was no other world, just as there was no other God ; if one did not get happy in this world one would never be happy—for God was the only God—there was no one above Him, outside Him, there was no one and nothing— only an empty, bottomless void. In the horror of this thought the boy still stood gazing out in the grey dusk and could find no relief for his crushing, unutterable woe."

It was a strange discovery for a boy. Those of us who are older recognise in it, however, something to which we have been coming gradually through the years. At first there is the effort of the romantic spirit to escape the narrow limits of fact and to build for itself another world wherein fancy can disport itself freely. All the freakishness of strange cults professing to transport the devotee into unfamiliar realms has its roots here. It takes human nature a long time to settle down in the sphere God has given us. It takes a long time to settle down to ourselves as individuals, accepting our limitations as those within which, if we are to achieve anything, we must work. Some go on hoping to the end that they will develop latent abilities or that their "luck" will turn so as to give them exceptional opportunities of manifesting those abilities which they have. Meanwhile life passes, and before we know it the end comes and finds us still hoping for the impossible. It takes us a long time, too, to settle down to God as He Is. The story of religious eccentricities is a tedious one. The more fantastic the theologies men contrive in order to escape the narrow boundaries of truth the more do they seem to please. It was a great discovery of the young Jorgensen that there is only One God and that we have got to accept Him whether we like Him or not—a God Who is holy and Whose providence is the last word in the shaping of history. Settling down to God is a long process. Many continue to look for loopholes in the relentless logic of their Theism and to fancy that some "new religion" will deliver them from its inexorability, and thus waste the years in vain enterprises.

Not the least of the objections to Catholicism is what might be called religious

claustrophobia—the fear of being shut in. The Church claims to be the one way of salvation. If we accept her authority it means that we moderate the restlessness in our blood and settle down, content to abide within the four walls of her jurisdiction. The members of a sect can change their quarters. Curiosity and speculation are kept alive by the hope that if Theosophy fails to satisfy, Christian Science may, and that if Protestantism proves disappointing Communism offers an alternative. It is all rather exciting—until you realise that you are wasting your time and that life would be better spent in developing a certainty than in pursuing will-o-the-wisps. The story of conversions is largely the story of men and women who could not bring themselves to settle down. There was a speculative fever in their blood which made them imagine that if they waited a little longer something would turn up which would eclipse Catholicism.

The credulity which looks to the future for the emergence of a religion free from all the objections to those we know appears to be limitless. Even those calling themselves Christian have speculated on the possibility of the Holy Spirit revealing some extra-Christian religion. They forget that the Holy Ghost is always Christocentric and that His highest function is to glorify the Son of God. The idea that Catholicism, with its visible organisation and sacraments, is a mere introduction to some "higher spirituality" wherein these things would be left behind dies hard. It has suffered disappointment after disappointment for two thousand years but it still persists, and every now and again reappears in a new form. "I am ALPHA and OMEGA" declared the Christ of St. John's vision. The Church also is the ALPHA and OMEGA of salvation. We may as well cease to look over her walls in expectation of discovering an alternative. There is no alternative.

But even when we have got thus far and have settled down to live within the Church there is still the possibility of restlessness. As men evade God and others evade the Church, so are we tempted sometimes to evade the Cross. There is an example of what I mean in the *Revelations of Divine Love* by Mother Juliana, an English anchoress of the fourteenth century. In her youth, Mother Juliana had prayed that she might be given a strong sense of Our Lord's Passion and that, at the age of thirty, she might suffer some great sickness that would bring her near to death.

The story of how these prayers were answered is told in the *Revelations*. First she fell ill, and was so far gone that the watchers thought that she was dead. But while she lay in this condition there was given her a vision of the Passion which for vividness and detailed realism bears comparison with that of Catherine Emmerich. For instance, in the twelfth chapter we read: "And after this I saw beholding the body plenteously bleeding, in seeming of the scourging, as thus: the fair skin was broken full deep into the tender flesh, with sharp smitings, all about the sweet body: the hot blood ran out so plenteously, that there was seen neither skin nor wound, but as it were all blood. And when it came where it should have fallen down, there it vanished: notwithstanding the bleeding continued a while, till it might be seen with advisement. And this was so plenteous to my sight, that me thought if it had been so in kind and in substance for that time, it should have made the bed all on blood, and have passed over all about." That is a sample of the numerous graphic pictures of Our Lord's sufferings scattered through these *Revelations*.

The passage which I wish specially to quote and on account of which I have given this brief resumé of the Lady Juliana's history is one which shows how, horrified by what she saw, she would fain have approached God in some other way. The quotation, which is taken from the nineteenth chapter, aptly illustrates what has been said in the earlier part of this article, but applied now to the Way of the Cross. Here it is:

"In this time I would have looked from the Cross, and I durst not; for I

knew well whilst that I beheld the Cross I was sure and safe. Therefore I would not assent to put my soul in peril, for besides the Cross was no sureness for dread of fiends. Then had I a proffer in my reason, as it had been friendly said to me, 'Look up to heaven to His Father.' And then saw I well with the faith that I felt that there was nothing between the Cross and heaven that might have dis-eased me. Here me behoved to look up, or else to answer: I answered inwardly with all the might of my soul and said: 'Nay I may not, for Thou art my heaven.' This I said for that I would not; for I had rather have been in that pain till doomsday than to have come to heaven otherwise than by Him. For I knew well that He that bound me so sore, He should unbind me when He would. Thus was I taught to choose Jesu for my heaven, Whom I saw only in pain at that time: me liked no other heaven than Jesu, which shall be my bliss when I come there; and this hath ever been a comfort to me that I chose Jesu to be my heaven by His grace, in all this time of passion and sorrow. And that hath been a lesson to me that I should evermore do so, to choose Jesu only to my heaven in weal and woe."

How that voice: "Look up to heaven, His Father," echoes the modern mood! With what plausibility does it plead that, in following the Way of Life, there is no need to go by the "roundabout" course of the Church and the Cross! In the interests of simplicity and directness we are advised that there is no occasion to accept the mediation of Church and priest. "Go straight to God," says modern sentiment. And does not the Cross complicate matters otherwise clear? Jesus the Revealer of God's fatherhood, Jesus the Prophet preaching the inwardness of religion, Jesus the ethical Teacher proclaiming the brotherhood of man—how simple and acceptable it all is! But the Cross, as interpreted by the Church, introduces elements that grate on the "sensitive" and "refined." The note of tragedy and passion is struck. Instead of the moralistic cult to which Modernism reduces Christianity, we have a religion which strikes down at the hidden roots of personality, a disturbing thing that upsets the balance of our complacency and necessitates a complete re-orientating of life. Moreover, the physical details of the Crucifixion are revolting. "You can avoid all this," says the voice that tempted Juliana and which tempts us, "if you will but go straight to God the Father. The Cross is superfluous, a distraction."

When Johannes Jorgensen discovered that there was only one universe and one world he said: "God was in terrible earnest about it," meaning that in this single sphere was concentrated all His love and all His wisdom, and that if we reject Him here we must reject Him altogether. There is no alternative realm, affording us another chance. The same has to be said about the Religion of the Cross. Even God has no other resources on which to fall back if the Cross fails to win our faith and love. The sacrifices of the Temple were prophetic of something greater to come. Nations who had never known the Law of Israel were not thereby precluded from experiencing the salvation of God. But the Sacrifice of Calvary is final and universal. In it, if the expression may be allowed, heaven shot its last bolt. The Omniscient has shown Himself prolific in expedients, fertile in devising providential means for saving us, resourceful in appealing to consciences that seem dead. When we think He has been defeated He calls up reserves of power which astonish us. The course of Church History, the lives of saints and apostolic men and women in every generation, the variety of Orders ministering to different devotional and intellectual needs exhibit the richness of the Divine Mind. And we may be sure that the future will be no less full of surprises than the past has been. It is impossible by any ingenuity to outwit the Most High. But behind the Cross there are no reserves. It is positively God's Last Word. And therefore, however it may repel us, with whatever shrinking we look upon it, the fact has to be accepted that it is THE ONLY WAY.

Alpine Adventure

DOMINIC P. GILFEDDER

One of the most famous monasteries in the world is the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. Here amidst the lonely Alpine summits, the followers of St. Bernard of Menthon exercise an heroic apostolate

AT THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.
One of the monks with some of the world-famous St. Bernard dogs.

THERE is scarcely anything in Continental travel so interesting at the time, or so suggestive of pleasant memories afterwards, as a visit to the Great St. Bernard Hospice. It does one good, morally as well as physically. The excitement so characteristic of the present age is rebuked and calmed by the loneliness of the situation away in the snow-clad peaks.

Everyone knows of the monks, and their dogs, of the travellers rescued from death in the snow. Still worn-out as the subject may appear, it is almost impossible to divest it of its charms by any amount of familiarity. Anyone who has ever visited it will be anxious to hear and read another's account of his visit there, and contrast it with his own experience. The traveller is struck by the beauty of the lovely landscape, the fresh, keen air, and the noble prospects of the mountain heights.

I had the pleasure of visiting this celebrated spot one day in August some years ago. I set out early in the day, in a native char-a-banc, drawn by a mule, from Martigny, a very uninteresting place. The route was very gay and lively, owing to the arrival of tourists going in the direction of Turin and Maggiore. The sun shone forth with almost tropical heat, and one could almost see the grapes ripening as they hung in huge clusters round the houses on the wayside. The villages—few indeed—did not present a very savoury appearance. The entrance to the Mount St. Bernard Pass is very like the scenery in North Donegal or Scotland, lofty slopes and precipices each with its own little mountain stream rushing down to the valley below. The road—in part—without bank or fence, would appear dangerous to a stranger, but both drivers and animals are well used to it. Poverty seems to be the lot of those living in the Pass, their dwellings present no sign of warmth or comfort, but strange as it may seem, all land—worthy of the name—is cultivated; corn and potatoes grow in large

THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.
Set amid "summits lone and high, that traffic with the eternal sky."

quantities, sheep being the only animals to be seen. These are very small, with long shaggy wool.

It happened to be the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Crowds passed us in holiday attire on their way to Holy Mass in Martigny. As we journeyed along we could see Mount Velan looming in the distance, some 12,000 feet over sea level. Towards evening we came to the Pass, and had to dispense with our mode of conveyance, to continue our journey on foot.

Many little iron crosses mark the spot where these monks had died at their posts doing duty to their fellow-man at the cost of their own lives. We tourists were glad to see the lights of the monastery in the distance. I began to consider the joy that sight must be to the traveller—benumbed with the cold, blinded with drifting snow—when he beholds these lights which mean so much to him. My fatigue was all forgotten when I found myself on the doorstep of that shelter of which I had heard so much.

The monastery itself—a very plain building, not unlike a great hospital—stands alone. It consists of two parts, one fitted with a chapel and cells for the monks, the other is for the use of travellers or guests. There is another building some distance away, where shelter is given to beggars or tramps, also used as a house for the monks themselves in case of fire. As far as I know ladies are admitted into the Hospice. The monastery is the highest permanent habitation in Europe, 8,200 feet above sea level. Snow falls nearly all the year round, and for nine months snow is on the ground. The life of the monks is heroic, and many perish at their post as the annals of the monastery record. We mounted the steps and entered, and were given a warm and hearty welcome by

the Father Prior. A courteous monk showed us our room : there was accommodation for at least 300 persons at one time. We were conducted to the common room, which is for the use of the guests. A large log fire burned brightly, and around it were gathered from seven to ten men, amongst whom were Italians and Germans. They showed no disposition to welcome us, but they soon vacated their seats and we gathered round. I found myself coming back to normal heat. There were many books—some English, beautiful oil paintings, one presented by the late King Edward VII when Prince of Wales.

We arrived late for supper : a hasty meal was provided for us. Needless to say, we did it justice ; also the fine "red wine." The monks, we found, were all able to speak French, and for two hours we were kept in the most interesting conversation. Friday and Saturday were fast days for the community, but the travellers were attended to according to their likes. We were shown the monastery chapel, where we recited our night prayers and, after signing our names in the large visitors' book, we retired to rest. The beds—the last word

AT THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.
The Prior of the Hospice with some of his little protegées.

in comfort—were heated, but still no sleep visited me that night. I lay awake watching the August moonbeams on the floor. The heavy toll of a bell announced the monks' midnight hour of prayer, when they assemble in the church for *Matins* and *Lauds*. At six o'clock I arose and went down to the chapel ; here several Masses were in progress. Missing our foreign friends of last night, I enquired about them, but was told they were not Catholics. There is no difference made here ; all are welcome. After breakfast I went out to look around, but did not go far, for I soon felt almost frozen. The Italian border is very close at hand. At eleven o'clock each day there is a Solemn High Mass, imploring God's protection for the wayfarers.

We visited the kennels of the famous St. Bernard dogs. The great animals love being fondled ; one can almost see by their steady looks the mighty work for which they are intended.

The labour of the dogs, we were told, is so constant and trying that, notwithstanding the care bestowed on them, they seldom live over nine years, when the poor animals succumb to the effects of rheumatism—to which ailment man and beast alike are subject in these regions of perpetual snow.

The system by which the purveyance, or necessary supplies for the monastery are provided is rather interesting. Wood for firing is one of the most important items, since it is in requisition at all times of the year. Not a tree grows within miles around. The monks are obliged to keep some fifty horses all the year through for the cartage of timber—a work which can be performed only for about two months in summer. This is mainly brought from the forest of Val Ferrex, which is part of the property of the monastery. Owing to the extreme of temperature and the great height, water boils here at about 190 degrees, which is much less favourable for cooking, especially for meat. The preparation of a meal takes almost double the time required in a less elevated atmosphere. In

A TYPICAL DAY AT THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.
The monks hard at work clearing a path in the snow.

summer, fresh meat is supplied from the valleys, but in winter salted viands alone are available. A number of cows are kept during the summer at the Hospice for milk, and the production of butter and cheese. Later on in the year these are removed to the other house of the Order at Martigny, whence the supplies are sent up to Mount St. Bernard. Despite the inconveniences consequent on the situation of the monastery, all contingencies are admirably provided for—and those who visit the monastery either on errands of pleasure or on travel or through the stress of weather are amply cared for.

It is difficult to imagine the excess of human sacrifice which the vocation of a religious of Mount St. Bernard must involve. Acts of charity in one of its most sublime ideals is the only variety of their lonely existence—with the certainty of an enfeebled constitution, resulting from the severity of the climate to which their calling exposes them. Few weeks of the year pass without a fall

of snow. In the altitude of the monastery it *always* freezes in the morning, and it is rarely for three months of the year together that the immediate surroundings are free from deep snow. The average depth is seven or eight feet, but many times a year the drifts accumulate to over forty feet.

As a rule the members of the community are young men, who enter on their religious career at about eighteen years of age. Few are able to stand the climate for more than eighteen years, but there is no stated period for which they devote their lives. Each remains as long as he is able—being allowed fifteen days at a time, twice a year for recreation and holiday. This is usually spent in the suffragan house of the Order at Martigny, whither also they retire when their health fails and they become unable to fulfil the arduous duties of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

Before concluding, I must say something of the interior of the monastery chapel. On entering it, one is impressed by its magnificence—five massive altars grace its interior. The frescoes, paintings and statues are far too beautiful to describe. Standing in the centre is the beautiful marble tomb of General Desaix, who fell at the Battle of Marengo. Many relics are also preserved here. There is also an alms box, to receive the contributions of those who wish to donate anything for their stay. No mention whatever is made of this to you by anyone ; you are free to do as you please. About mid-day we took our departure, the monks saw us safely over the worst part of the journey, and wished us safe on the rest.

Here in this lonely habitation for many centuries, these devoted followers of St. Bernard of Menthon, pass their lives—some short indeed, in a most heroic fashion. No night or day is too stormy or too cold for these monks to carry out their beneficent work. The bodily succour which they give to the weary and those in danger of death from cold is one side only of their activities ; we must also consider the spiritual aspect of their work. How many would, alas, die in this forlorn adventure without the consolations of Holy Church but for these devoted servants of God.

It may be of interest to readers to know that quite recently some of the monks of St. Bernard have journeyed to far-off Tibet, there to open on the high slopes of the Himalayas a Hospice similar to that which has carried on for centuries in the Alps its Christian work of succour to body and soul.

Frequent Communion

Frequent reception of the Body and Blood of Christ is considered of utmost importance in the Christian life. The words of Scripture : " Without Me you can do nothing " and " Unless you eat My flesh and drink My blood, you shall not have life in you " give the key to the reasons for frequent Communion. We know that in the earliest days of the Church all the faithful partook of the Eucharistic Banquet each time that they were present at the Holy Sacrifice. This was most natural, of course, since Communion is one of the essential parts of the Mass. Not until many centuries had passed did the people little by little cease so to communicate.

A second period then was established when the people approached the Sacrament of the Eucharist only infrequently. Misunderstandings about the preparation necessary, and false doctrines, led this custom into exaggerated ways. By reiteration of the true Catholic doctrine and by constant exhortation, the third stage now sees a return to approximately the earliest usage. At first the minimum was defined, namely, that Catholics should communicate at least once a year and at the approach of death. Finally, under Pius X as Pope, the ideal was re-expressed of frequent, even daily Communion.

Although there has been a generous response to the advice of the Popes, there are still many of the faithful who could, and should, avail themselves much more frequently of the inestimable fruits of the Sacrament of Christ's love.

Four Flights Up

GEORGE H. WALDRON

Sensitive to a degree was Johnny. He felt himself out of it with the other kids in the block—they made him feel that he didn't belong. But, in spite of it, Johnny Devlin made good in an unexpected fashion : : : : : : : :

NOT a soul was in sight. But the silvery notes that filled the street were worthy of an audience big enough to have jammed the block. So pure and vibrant the tone, so exultant the air, the music seemed unworldly. Youth, joy, sweetness, were in the uplifting melody. You had to stop.

Fred Quinlan, a Canadian, in New York for the first time ; Joe Brady, seeking material in this section for a Sunday newspaper story, and I, stood a moment at the corner. Then we turned westward. Of a sudden, as we neared the lights of a business place, the singing ceased and there came a studio announcement.

"Knew it was that," said Quinlan.

"Oh, so you have radios up your way, too?"

"Well, we're not as dead as this, anyway," was the rejoinder to Brady. "There's nowhere in my town where you wouldn't find more doing at this hour. Anyone would think . . . ."

The criticism remained unfinished. There was life here, after all.

On the high, old-fashioned steps of a boarding house opposite an automobile accessories store and set back a bit from the sidewalk, unobservable from our former position on the corner, was a small gathering. The movement of the persons on the steps now was directed indoors. Simultaneously there came the sound of the closing of two windows in the neighbourhood by listeners who had sat back of them. Evidently whatever was next to be broadcast lacked the power of the boy singer—we had agreed on the vocalist's classification—to hold interest.

It was through a grating that looked like a ventilator beneath the show-window of the auto supplies store, we found, that the air programme was coming. That the service to the public drew attention to the proprietor's radio line took nothing from the entertainment.

"Wish there was more of that singing." It was Quinlan who spoke as we moved along. "Like to hear boys' voices—when they're good."

"So do I," said Brady. "There's a new one in the sanctuary choir down at St. Mary's you'd like. I'd as soon hear him, I think, as this lad to-night."

"I was saying as we came along there a while ago, you remember, that this town holds many a little story more humanly interesting than a lot that are printed. The singing reminds me of one."

Over cups of hot coffee and some lunch as we sat in a restaurant a little later, Brady finished telling Quinlan and me the story of Johnny Devlin, sanctuary boy at St. Mary's.

If the tale was an example of what he had meant by calling "little" but "humanly interesting," stories of which he said the metropolis held many, his description fitted. It was so little in its way that your professional writer would say it was no story at all. But that's because he deals only in things extra-ordinary. Want and suffering and broken lives do not come under that head. At least they are no strangers to those with eyes to see and hearts set on healing. Men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of whom Brady told us that night, could give proof of this were it not for their custom of self-effacement and the charity of silence on cases helped.

It was one of the visitors of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Michael Hanrahan, who found Johnny Devlin, incidental to a trip three flights up in a tenement where death had entered.

The family of John Minter, afflicted in the loss of a three-year-old boy hit by an automobile, was unfortunate also, Hanrahan had learned, in that its members were of the "ought-to-be-Catholics" class. But we are not dealing with the Minters, so it is enough to say that due to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as Brady told us, sorrow was assuaged by religious consolation, and God again ruled hearts chastened by grief.

The Devlin boy entered the picture when the St. Vincent de Paul worker stepped out into the hall from the room in the Minter home where rested a little grey casket. Stopping as he closed the door, he stood to listen to as sweet a voice, according to Brady, as he had ever heard.

The notes of a lilting, popular air, or as much of it as a youthful memory could recall, came floating down from the floor above. The singing was stopped by a scolding voice.

"Sh! Don't make so much noise. Shouting the livelong day. And with that little Minter boy dead downstairs, too."

Drawn by the voice of the singer and with sympathy stirred by the command that had stilled it, to the fourth floor went Hanrahan. He found a ten-year-old boy, most of whose day was spent indoors caring for a sick brother four years his senior, while the mother was out working. A woman in a neighbouring flat looked in on them several times a day, and there was comfort in her nearness, even if adversity had not softened her temper.

The apartment of the Devlins, as described by Brady, could have been lifted just as it stood and placed upon the stage as background for some dramatic telling of the lives of "the other half." That its occupants possessed a certain natural refinement made their lot no easier.

Sensitive to a degree was Johnny. He felt himself out of it with the other kids in the block. They made him feel, perhaps unintentionally, that he didn't belong. He would gladly have mixed it up with them to the best of his ability had invitation been offered during time of play, an element of which there was little in his life.

"Poor kid," I ventured, when Brady had got this far. "He ought to brace up to that bunch, get in the game and stay there. What he needs is a little more gumption and . . . ."

"What he needs, most likely," broke in Quinlan, "is a little more of this," as he tapped his plate with knife and fork, indicating food. "Probably they all do. Maybe a little more supper, too, wouldn't hurt. Why doesn't that St. Vincent de Paul worker see about . . . ."

"Why don't you fellows keep still and let me finish!" objected Brady. "They are not there any more. The St. Vincent de Paul worker did get busy. He went to Father Lawlor, the parish priest, and told him about the Devlins.

"A mission was going on there at the time and one of the three priests giving it, Father Kelsey, who was brought up in that very neighbourhood ,was talking to Father Lawlor when Hanrahan came in and became interested. It was a good thing he was there. Not that Father Lawlor wouldn't have looked after the Devlins anyway, but Father Kelsey, with a wide acquaintance in New York and a knowledge of just who to turn to in a case like that, did wonders."

"We'll say he did wonders," agreed Quinlan and I, when Brady had finished.

It would take too long to give in detail the working out of the transformation experienced by the Devlins. But when the change had been effected through the influence of Father Kelsey and the aid of a wealthy friend of the priest, sunshine had succeeded shadow in their lives.

That there was a difference in their surroundings, past and present, it didn't need the word picture of a Joe Brady to make clear.

The widowed mother, deft with the needle, soon found coming her way work that not only kept her at home but brought in money enough to meet family requirements. In such ways do good fairies—and Father Kelsey's and St. Vincent de Paul Society workers—perform their miracles. Hospital care was restoring to health the brother who had been Johnny's care, we learned. Just as Quinlan and I were about to ask what of the little singer himself, how fared the lad who in sombre atmosphere could so lift his voice in song that its sweetness filled a tenement flat four flights up and went beyond, Brady enlightened us.

It was at this point, in fact, that Joe "let himself out." He told us joyfully of what happened when the boy had a chance to expand his lungs without being told to "Sh!" His face glowed as he described how Johnny, given a place in the sanctuary choir of St. Mary's, his new parish, had so impressed its organist and director that he had been brought by him—as one would hold up a newly-found diamond—to the attention of one of the best voice culturists in the metropolis.

Quinlan and I were getting from Brady just what this authority thought about the voice of the altar boy when a glance at a timepiece made us cut Joe short on his adjectives. As the three of us arose from the table, however, Quinlan and I promised to be in St. Mary's at the 11 o'clock Mass the next Sunday to hear "Joe's prodigy," as he was designated. It was a promise never kept. Quinlan went back home in the meantime and I forgot.

But on a night just a week from the time of this conversation, a 'phone call brought me to a section of the city that from the description heard I recognized as the exact spot where the Devlins had lived.

"I knew you had nothing to do to-night and wouldn't mind coming," was Joe's greeting as he met me in front of the drug store in the block adjoining the tenement.

He led me in. Six or eight boys, with a number of adults, stood about, apparently in expectant attitude, in the rear of the store.

"Those are some of the chaps," explained Brady, "who used to make life miserable for Johnny Devlin—had no use for him, at least so he thought. Know what they're here for? Listen!"

Almost as he uttered the words, a loud speaker that previously had escaped my attention on the counter near them brought the announcement that "John Devlin, boy soloist," would sing Schubert's *Ave Maria*.

"You know I got the notion," said Joe before the singing began, "that you fellows thought I was colouring things up that night, just to prove my point about the little stories that are lying around. Well, I wanted to show you. You were genuinely interested, though, I remembered, in that part about these youngsters who used to freeze him out. When I saw them in here to-night—glad business brought me over here—I decided to have you in on it.

"Wish Johnny could see them himself. Look at them. Isn't it the world? Worship of the great God Success. These are the junior candidates for the "I Knew Him When" Club that one of our American humorists tells about. It seems . . . ."

The clear notes of a boy gifted of God, whose singing of the beautiful hymn to the Blessed Virgin was like some moving prayer, compelled attention, and talking ceased.

"Say," I exclaimed, "he sounds almost like . . . ."

"He's the same," interrupted Brady. "It was he we heard on the air that night as we came along the street. That's what reminded me of the story I told you. It was his first night on the radio. I knew of his test and how he had stood it. He's to be a regular feature at that big studio."

"The more I thought about it that night, the more strongly I determined not to tell you of his radio singing until later—of springing it on you some time soon, in case you hadn't read of it in the meantime."

"Sort of dramatic climax. Was that it?"

"Somewhat."

Another announcement was coming.

By request, John Devlin was to sing: "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

The hymn was profoundly stirring. Perhaps it appealed to us the more deeply because we knew of the little singer's story.

"Holy, Holy, Holy God . . . ."

The last notes lingered—and died away. Reluctantly, we turned to go.

"I have just one hope," said Brady, as we stepped to the cigar stand to buy some smokes as a gesture of appreciation for the entertainment privileges of the store.

"What's your hope?"

"My hope is, that wherever Father Kelsey is giving a mission to-night he may have been in the rectory of the church long enough for someone to have turned on the radio, if they have one, at the right time and place on the dial—and that he listened in."

New Windows for Notre-Dame de Paris

Recent visitors to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris have been able to admire the latest addition to the famous edifice—12 modern glass windows, high above the nave, replacing the flat-toned windows of Viollet-le-Duc. These 12 ensembles form a double window topped by a rose window, and are the work of 12 different French glass painters. The change has been made by the Fine Arts Ministry under the patronage of Cardinal Verdier. After being tried out in the Cathedral they will be transferred to the Missionary Pavilion of the Vatican at the Paris Exposition of 1937 and then permanently replaced in Notre Dame.

These double windows crowned by the rose had replaced the narrow 12th century cathedral windows in the year 1230 or thereabouts; one of these primitive windows may still be seen in Notre-Dame. The glass that decorated them, and which probably came from the workshops of Chartres, was removed in the 18th century, so that a white light might pour down instead. Viollet-le-Duc replaced these white windows with the *grisailles*, which now disappear in their turn.

The subjects of the new windows are the Patron Saints of the Cathedral and of Paris: Saint-Etienne and the Virgin, Saint Marcel and Sainte-Genevieve, Saint-Denis; the saints of the principal provinces of France: Saint-Cernin of Toulouse, Sainte-Radegonde of Poitiers, Saint-Martin of Tours, Saint-Hubert of the Ardennes, Saint-Jeanne d'Arc and Saint-Louis.

* * * * *

A Thought about Justice

In defining our obligations in justice towards our neighbour, we must distinguish between what we *can* do and what we *should* do. Very often we sin against justice because we wield physical or moral power which renders others subservient to us. Brute force or wealth or office may place us in a position where we can trample on others' rights, often without fear of State punishment. But we must answer to conscience, and ultimately to God, for every violation of natural justice.

* * * * *

The Presence of God

The value of recalling God's presence is seen in its admirable effects. It puts to flight anger, concupiscence, distractions, unguardedness of the senses, and all our vices, and helps to make a man perfect. St. Dositheus, from being a dissolute soldier, became a perfect monk by following the injunction of St. Dorotheus: "Ever think of God as present to thee, and place thyself before Him." St. Ephrem said to a sinner who declared herself ashamed to commit sin in public: "How much more ought you to be ashamed before God, who beholds everything, even what is most secret." The sinner was converted by this reasoning.

St. Thomas Aquinas (Opusc. 58, c.2) wrote: "If we always kept ourselves in mind of Our Lord seeing and judging all things, we would scarcely ever or never sin." St. Jerome (in c. 22 Ezech.) wrote: "The memory of God keeps out all sins." We should bear in mind God's presence, concerning which the holy Writer (Eccles. xvii, 16) says: "All their works are as the sun in the sight of God: and His eyes are continually upon their ways."

THE NEWLY-ORDAINED PRIESTS, WITH THEIR DIRECTOR AND LECTORS.

Left to right, front row—**Rev. Fr. Pius, C.P.; Rev. Fr. Oliver, C.P. (Lector); Rev. Fr. Enda, C.P. (Director); Rev. Fr. Christopher, C.P. (Lector); Rev. Fr. Angelo, C.P.**
Back row—**Rev. Fr. Kevin, C.P.; Rev. Fr. Wilfrid, C.P.; Rev. Fr. Placid, C.P.. Rev. Fr. Stanislaus, C.P.**

Ordination of Passionists

On Saturday, May 22nd, six Passionist students of St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, were raised to the priesthood at the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street. The ordaining prelate was Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis Wall, Bishop of Thasos, auxiliary to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The following are the names of the newly-ordained priests—all of whom are members of St. Patrick's Province :—

Rev. Fr. Pius (Campbell), C.P.
Rev. Fr. Angelo (Boylan), C.P.
Rev. Fr. Placid (McLoughlin), C.P.
Rev. Fr. Stanislaus (Doran), C.P.
Rev. Fr. Wilfrid (O'Doherty), C.P.
Rev. Fr. Kevin (Matthews), C.P.

At the evening devotions, a large congregation was present to receive the first blessing of the new priests. On the following day, the first Masses were celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Mount Argus. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 12 o'clock by Rev. Fr. Pius, C.P., the senior of the newly-ordained. An impressive sermon on the dignity of the priesthood was preached by Rev. Fr. Enda, C.P. In the afternoon, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Fr. Kevin, C.P.

At the same ordination, four Passionist students received the subdiaconate : Revv. Alphonsus (McGlone), C.P. ; Honorius (Kelly), C.P. ; Malachy (Geoghegan), C.P. and Pancras (Fanning), C.P.

Tu Es Sacerdos in Aeternum

As the night is joined to the dawn
And dawn to the day,
Thine to His Spirit is drawn
In miraculous way.

By cords that canst not dissever
Or living or dead,
For thou art His priest for ever
The Lord God hath said.

The Breath of His Spirit is on thee,
A seal to thy heart,
And the kingdom of Heaven shall be
Wherever thou art.

The sigh of the Seraph with love
For the Ancient of days
Is hushed as It hovers above
Thy altar of praise.

The folds of invisible wings
Encircle thee round
When lips speak incredible things
And wonders abound.

For Omnipotence at thy command
Must stoop from Its throne
And rest at the touch of thy hand
On the altar stone.

P. J. McGuigan

Something Worth Having

ALFRED GROSCH

"I'm becoming a Catholic. It seems to me something worth having. You don't mind?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no! Not at all! You've a right to please yourself." But his tone belied his words.

MRS. RYAN glanced up as her daughter, Mollie, came running into the scullery.

"Mum!" cried the child. "Why don't we go to the Catholic school?"

The question so bluntly put by the eldest of her three children produced something in the nature of a mild shock in the unsuspecting mind of Mary Ryan. She was not herself a Catholic, though her husband was. A fact she had good cause to remember, for her mother-in-law had seldom lost an opportunity of driving it home.

But as Mary had frequently and with some justification pointed out to the old lady, she was quite willing to go and have the marriage put right, but her husband wasn't; and further, as far as she was concerned, there never had been any objection to getting married in the Catholic Church in the first instance. She, however, was not the Catholic party, and if Jim himself preferred the Protestant Church what could she have said when all churches were the same to her?

But even this fair-minded statement invariably failed to mollify the vigorous old Irish mother of Jim Ryan, who, unable to effect her desires, nevertheless saw to the baptisms of the children as they came along. Jim himself was quite indifferent and, as the old lady constantly informed her daughter-in-law, the priest would not have baptised the children at all in the circumstances unless she had stood god-parent to them. "You two are nothing but a couple of heathens," which statement, harsh as it had sounded, was nevertheless perfectly true, for Mary, though she called herself a Protestant, was no better church-goer than her husband, and had not been near her own Church since the day she was married to Jim in it.

Nevertheless, while old Mrs. Ryan lived, some sort of live connection was maintained with the Church of the children's baptism. After her death, however, mainly through ignorance on Mary's part, and sheer indifference on Jim's, even that slight link had been snapped, with the result that the children went to no Church at all, and attended the State school for educational purposes; Jim, meanwhile, interesting himself in certain Communistic organisations which had recently made an appearance in the district.

"Catholic school? Good gracious, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Ryan. "Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"A girl we play with in the park," answered Mollie. "She's a Catholic, and says we've got Catholic names."

"Well, silly, so you have."

"I know, mum. I told her we were Catholics; but she said we were Pagans because we didn't go to Church, and that we ought to go to her school because it's a Catholic school."

"There, there," proclaimed Mrs. Ryan. "Such rubbish I never heard. Pagans, indeed! Run away now, and don't bother, there's a good girl," she concluded, thus dismissing the matter summarily, as she did all questions she found too difficult to answer.

Later, she found that it was not quite as easy to dismiss the subject from her mind as it had been to dismiss her daughter from her presence. Indeed,

the more she did think about it the more convinced she became that she ought really to do something in the matter.

She knew from past experience with her mother-in-law that great importance was attached by her husband's Church to a Catholic upbringing for children of that Faith, and it came home to her with peculiar force that there must be something greatly lacking in a home which failed children so badly, that they were prompted in all innocence to ask why they were not getting a something they had a perfect right to expect.

It was useless, she thought, talking to Jim about it. He'd gone all Communist, and some of the things he said about his Church and priests made her shiver, and she didn't belong to it. If that was the sort of thing Communists taught she couldn't see that it was going to be of very much help, or use to little children, or indeed to anybody for that matter.

Priests, or clergymen, they were all the same to her, might be peculiar people in their own way, but if, as Jim said, they ought to be abolished what were people going to have in place of them? Nothing as far as she could see but a lot of officials, and officials, even at the best of times, she considered to be little more than a set of people whose presence generally meant trouble of some sort or other.

No, thought Mary Ryan, that scheme's no good to me. I don't go to church much, but I'd find something missing in a world without religion. Then she had an inspiration. Why not ask Mrs. Singleton, who lived a few doors up the street, and whose children did go to the Catholic school.

On her way to her neighbour's she met the school attendance officer and thought she's consult him on the matter. After all he should know how these things are done, she thought.

But to her surprise and disappointment that official raised a score of difficulties, and from what he said it seemed to her that she'd very nearly need the permission of Parliament for a transfer of her children to a Catholic school.

Thanking him, she was about to turn and go back to her own house when she saw the very woman she was seeking come out of her garden gate, and walk down the street towards her. Bidding the officer good-day, she went to meet the oncoming neighbour. It took but a very few moments to explain the difficulty and the disappointment.

"Don't take any notice whatsoever of that busybody," exclaimed Mrs. Singleton, vigorously. "I know him of old. He just hates Catholics, and he'll do all he can to prevent you sending your children to the Catholic school. You see, it's a bit out of his way, and gives him a little extra work."

"Yes, but how am I to put my children in?" asked Mary Ryan.

"Easy, my dear," returned her neighbour. "And I'll come and show you how. When your children come home at dinner-time, give them their dinner. Then wash 'em nicely, and be ready at half-past one. I'll call, and we'll go and put them in the Catholic school right away."

"But won't we get into trouble?" asked Mrs. Ryan.

"Trouble fiddlesticks!" came the vigorous reply. "The law says you must send your children to school, and if they're Catholic you've a perfect right to send them to the Catholic school. Now don't forget. I'll call!" and she did. And the children were taken, they were entered on the register, and their father knew nothing of it.

But Mary Ryan's train of thought did not cease with the placing of her children in the Catholic school, for in a very short while she began to ponder on the responsibilities of a parent towards the child. What responsibility had she towards her children? Surely she told herself, to see that they were reared in the Faith of their baptism. And yet, how could she, unless she herself became a Catholic? Again she consulted her neighbour.

"Become a Catholic, of course, you ought! I'll take you down to the convent; they'll instruct you, and we'll have you in the Church before you know where you are."

And so Mary Ryan became a regular visitor to the convent which supplied nuns to teach in the school her children now attended. She made good progress, and after about five months, the priest who examined her considered that she was ready to be received. It so happened that on the afternoon she was to be received Jim was at home, being on short time.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Down to the church, Jim."

"Church?" he muttered. "What church?"

"Your church, Jim. I'm becoming a Catholic to-day."

"You're what?" he exploded.

"I'm becoming a Catholic. It seems to me something worth having, and so I'm to receive Baptism this afternoon. You don't mind?"

"Oh no, no! Not at all!" he spluttered. "You've a right to please yourself," he muttered, though his tone belied his words.

"Right! I shan't be long," and she went out. Her tones were matter-of-fact, but she had left Jim serious, and deep in thought. What she had said disturbed him far more than he would have been prepared to admit. What was it she said, he thought: "It seems to me something worth having." Going to be a Catholic. What was there in that which Mary could see worth possessing? He was thinking of discarding it altogether, and yet she was thinking it worth having. Gone to be baptised! Well, that was a new one on him.

But if Mary's actions gave Jim food for thought before her reception, her example after, and the children's also brought a perfect flood of recollection and shame upon him. He remembered only too well for his peace of mind that they were now as he had once been. Indeed, with something akin to a tinge of envy he watched them off to church on Sunday mornings.

For a time things went on in this manner, but at length he found his Communist principles beginning to lack their savour. His wife and children had found something; he had lost something, and he was even now finding that the supposed ideals to which he was clinging were not even ideals, but merely political expedients of doubtful utility.

Without telling Mary, he paid a visit to the Presbytery at the first available opportunity.

"There it is, Father!" he observed to the Rector, after he had poured out the tale of his lapse. "I'm glad it's out. Tell me what I'm to do, and I'll do it. I've been a fool long enough, but you know what it is these days. . . ."

"Indeed I do, my son," replied the Rector. "You see, the modern ideas. . ."

"Modern ideas!" interrupted Jim. "It's little I've to thank them for. Thank God for my missus and children is what I say!"

To My Dead Mother

If by some magic power I could restore
The roses to your cheeks, and in your eyes
Infuse the radiance of soft summer skies
So that you might appear as once before,
I would withhold my hand because I know
That in that blessed Kingdom where you are
Your beauty is incomparably far
Beyond my power of magic to bestow.

But I would scale the Himalayan height
And with titanic arms sweep heaven bare,
Then fling your virtues to the vacant night
To set as stars in every corner there:—
Making your love a moon whose gentle might
Would draw me as the tide—this would I dare!

P. J. McGuigan

St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent

(Feast : July 22nd)

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN

'Mid the white spouses of the Sacred Heart
After its Queen, the nearest, dearest thou :
Yet the aureola around thy brow
Is not the virgin's—thine a throne apart.
Nor yet, my Saint, does faith-illumined art
Thy hand with palm of martyrdom endow ;
And when thy hair is all it will allow
Of glory to thy head, we do not start.

O more than virgin in thy penitent love !
And more than martyr in thy passionate woe !
Who knelt not with thee on the gory sod,
How should they now sit throned with thee above ?
Or where the crown our worship could bestow
Like that long gold which wiped the feet of God ?

Fr. Edmund Hill, C.P.
in *Passion Flowers.*

"We Preach Christ Crucified"

"unto them that are called . . the power of God and the wisdom of God."
1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXI.—JESUS NAILED TO THE CROSS.

When the toilsome, pain-laden journey at length brought Jesus to Calvary, it would seem that St. John conducted Our Blessed Lady to the outskirts of the crowd; and there on a slight eminence the noble Queen of Martyrs stood with the ladies of her court around her; and from that position, if she did not see, she would hear the hammer as it fell.

On arrival at the place of execution "they gave Jesus wine to drink, mingled with gall" (Matt. XXVII, 34). It was customary to give the condemned a drink of wine mingled with myrrh and poppy-seed, which St. Matthew here calls "gall." It helped to deaden the senses and was calculated to lessen the pain of the sufferer. Charitable ladies usually prepared this drink; Magdalen or Salome may have brought it with them, but Pilate's wife would be more likely to know of the custom, and she may have given it to the Centurion before he left the Praetorium.

Jesus tasted the mixture (Matt. XXVII, 34) probably in gracious compliment to the kind person who prepared it, and who may even then have been looking on in pity, but both Matthew and Mark tell us He did not drink it. There would be many a fresh tear shed in that little group beside Our Lady, when the women saw that Jesus would accept no alleviation of His sufferings. He had come to make full atonement for a selfish, sinning world, and He would not try to lessen the pain.

From Holy Scripture we have no knowledge of the method used in nailing Jesus to the Cross, the Evangelists only say "they crucified Him." We know that He was stripped of His clothing, for the soldiers afterwards divided His garments, but it was customary among the Romans to cover the loins, and this would be obligatory to the Jews.

Whether the Cross was laid on the ground and Jesus nailed to it as represented in the Stations of the Cross on our church walls, or whether the Cross was first raised and fixed in place and Jesus lifted up to it, and then nailed, as some reliable commentators think, need not affect our meditations; the pain to Jesus would be much the same; but if the Cross was raised first, Our Blessed Lady would see as well as hear the hammer fall, and perhaps some mothers could tell our readers whether it would be harder for Mary to hear and not see, or to see and hear the Crucifixion of her Son.

Jesus was the only Man ever born into this world for the special object of suffering, *and the Mother who bore Him would be endowed with a body and soul made specially sensitive for this purpose.*

But who shall tell of the sufferings of Jesus? Who could tell of the excruciating pain of that nailing to the Cross, of the lacerated flesh, the bursting veins and arteries, the contracting muscles, the outraged nerves of that tortured Body quivering on the Cross?

Jesus hung, suspended between a sinful world and His Father's Justice. . . . He had got His wish . . . . and the cruel crowd had got theirs. He was crucified. But if the crowd looked for further excitement they got none. There was no moan, no cry of anguish, no reproach. There were eyes looking at Him, that He had made to see ; there were tongues taunting Him, that He had made to speak ; there were paralytics and lame that He had made to walk, and who now stood on tip-toe to get a better view of their Benefactor's nailed feet. He had laid those nailed hands in blessing on many a weary head ; and there were some there who had seen Him raise the dead to life—and He was dying now Himself !

I wonder did many there think of all this, or care what happened to Him ? Somehow I think that many of them did. A rough, aggressive minority makes much noise ; the thoughtful are silent ; for the credit of humanity, I hope that it was so on Calvary.

The title now affixed to the Cross, had been written by Pilate. We are indebted to St. John for its exact words : " **Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,**" and he tells us further : " This title many of the Jews did read—and it was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin " (XIX, 19-20).

When the chief priests noticed this title, they waxed into still greater anger : Was Pilate mocking them ? Was he thus taking a subtle revenge on them for his defeat at the trial ? Or did it mean that he believed it ? There was an awful significance in the words. . . . Was he daring to humiliate their whole nation by this public proclamation that a crucified felon was the King of the Jews ? They would not tolerate such a preposterous insult. Off they rushed again to Pilate, demanding interview and remonstrating : " Write not the King of the Jews. But that He said : I am the King of the Jews."

By this time, Pilate was tired of them, and torturing himself for having yielded to them at all, so he put them out with the curt reply : " What I have written, I have written."

In bitterness and haste, they returned to Calvary to vent their indignation by heaping insults on Jesus and stirring up the violence of the mob around the Cross.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

Stand beside our sorrowful Lady with John and Magdalen. Watch and listen.
Jesus declines a soothing drink. His suffering and sacrifice shall be complete.
He is stripped again, but is fully clothed in His own Blood.
They crucify Him : See those nails : Listen to that hammer fall.
See those Hands of Blessing, quivering and closing on men's gift of nails.
The nails driven through hands and feet. Are those your gifts ?

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus Christ, the only Begotten Son : O Lord God. Lamb of God ! O Thou Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, and Whom men have now nailed to the Cross, have mercy on us.

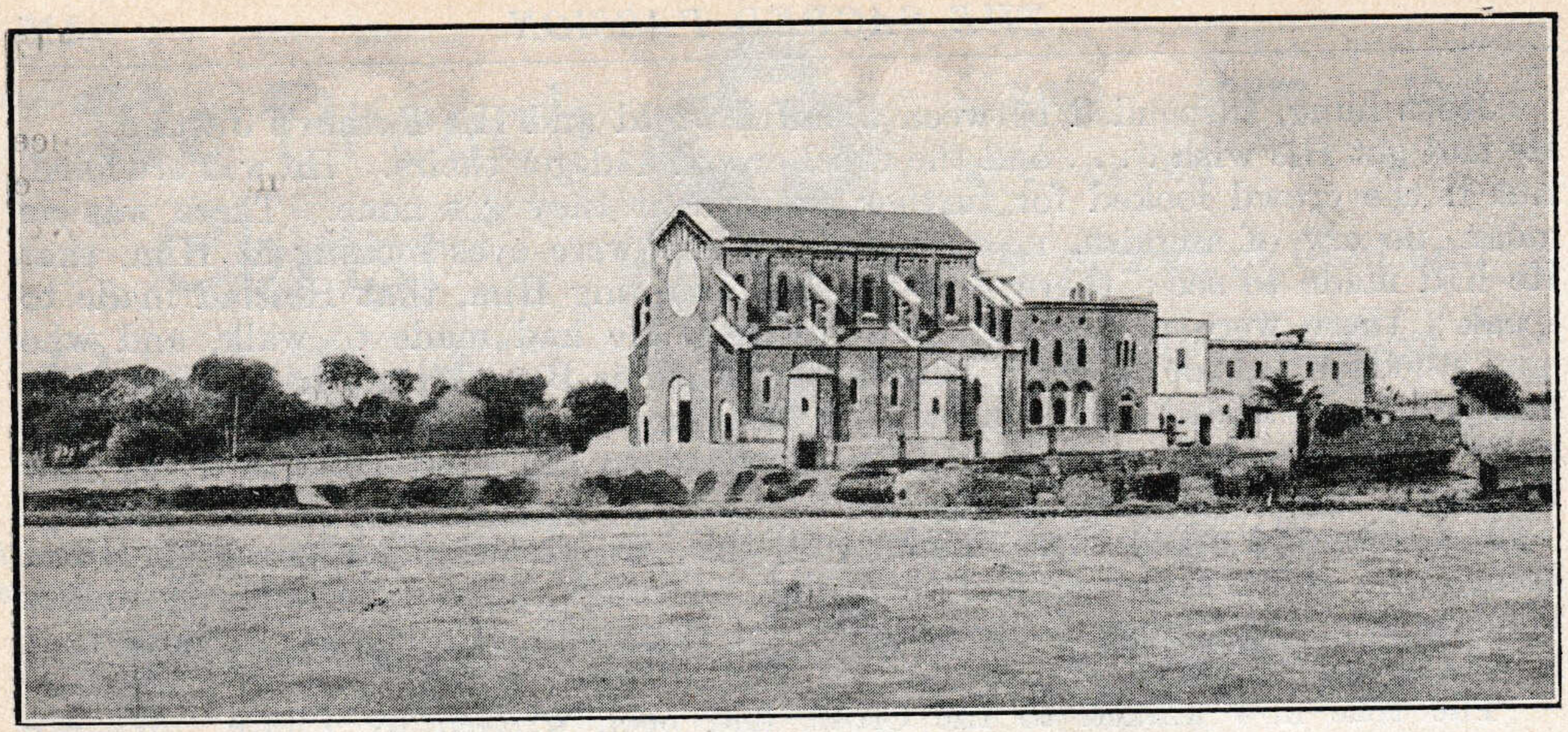
O Jesus, it was not the nails that hurt, but those that drove them. . . . We did it. . . . We are sorry for what we have done. . . . We will not sin again. . . . We shall fasten ourselves so firmly to the cross of self-denial with the hammer of good intentions and the nails of suffering and penance, that we can never sin again.

And do Thou, O crucified Jesus sanctify our crosses with the Blood that sanctified Thine, that accepting them graciously and lovingly we may share in the Redemption which Thou hast purchased in Thy precious Blood.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Elizabeth Borrowes.



THE PASSIONIST CHURCH AT NETTUNO.
Where the body of Maria Goretti now rests.

Maria Goretti

REV. FATHER ULTAN, C.P.

Just thirty-five years ago, a little Italian girl, Maria Goretti, gave up her life to defend her virtue. She was only twelve years of age, but her heroic death has rendered her name immortal. Her cause for beatification has been introduced : : : : : : : :

MARIA GORETTI was just an ordinary little Italian girl. She was very pretty, it is true. But then very many Italian girls are. She was very quiet and reserved, though neither self-conscious nor surly, merely rather serious for one so young. Then again, that is not very remarkable. We are so used to thinking of childish laughter that we forget the absorbing seriousness of a child, to whom least things are of greatest moment. That she had great personal charm is shown by the affection in which she was held by all her acquaintances. Children, however, who are unversally beloved are rather more common than ones who are universally detested. All in all, there was really nothing extraordinary about her. If we had wandered along the dusty, sun-scorched roads around Nettuno, which is a little town on the sea-coast not far from Rome, and had met and spoken to her, we should have thought that she was a very charming child, old perhaps beyond her years, but still, not very different from most children. We should have expected that she would live an ordinary life, more innocent perhaps than most, but still, in its main lines, a usual hum-drum existence. And we should have been quite wrong, for Maria Goretti was destined to lead an heroic life, and to die an even more heroic death.

Her life was indeed heroic, though its heroism was shown in visible form only towards the end, the end that was all too close to the beginning. There was nothing spectacular in her daily life. Her way was the still small way, "the little way" of St. Therese. Yet that little way calls for a courage which because unseen is often unsuspected. "Perfection is made up of trifles, and perfection is no trifle." The little way is indeed little in outward showing, but it demands an unbreaking resolution and an energy that knows no tiring. Maria's patience, meekness, obedience and prayerfulness were known to all who lived with her ; her modesty and innocence were obvious to the casual beholder.

And these virtues were no mere reaction of the aesthetic sense of early adolescence to the beauty of goodness. "By their fruits you shall know them," and those trembling blossoms of delicate virtue brought forth a noble fruit of high resolve. Truly she walked in the little way which is also the strait and narrow way that leads to the Cross, and at the end, her strength "made perfect in infirmity," is uncovered to our marvelling.

For remember, she was but a child, hardly twelve years old, just budding into the first fair loveliness of maidenhood, yet she shows a maturity of mind, a clearness in grasping fundamental issues and a strength of will in the ordering of her conduct that speak a longer roll of years. Beautiful she was, with the dark and vivid beauty of her race. It was this beauty of her body which occasioned the showing of the surpassing beauty of her soul.

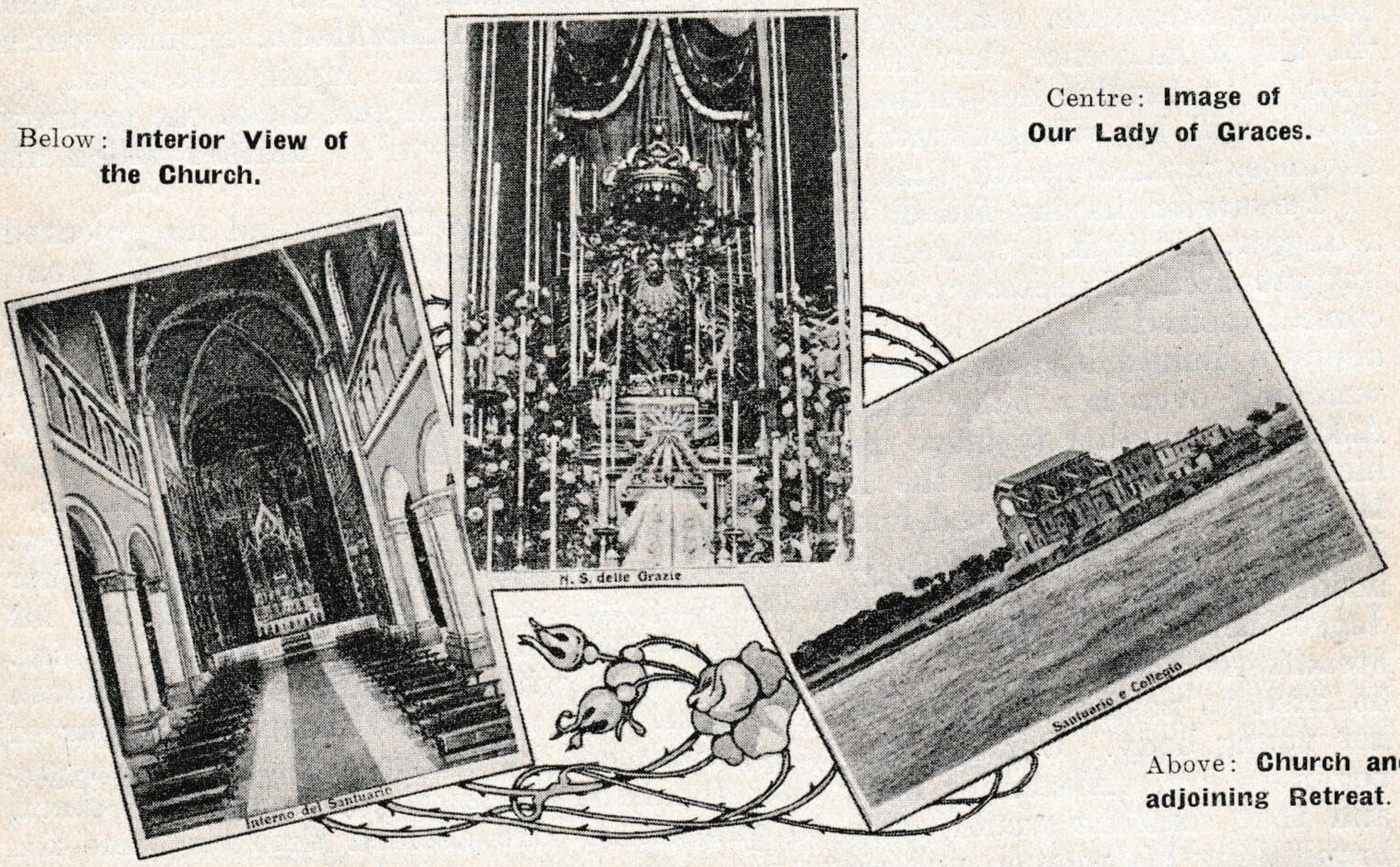
The story of her trial is simply told. The house in which the Goretti's lived was shared by them with another family, among whose members was a boy of some eighteen years, whose name was Alexander Serenelli. This young man, possessed of a mind debased by the long-continued perusal of impure and debasing literature, conceived an unhealthy affection for Maria, against which the air of innocence that haloed her was no protection. Again and again, he tried to undermine her virtue, to corrupt her pure mind and shake the firmness of her will by soft persuasion. But it was of no avail. Maria repelled his advances with a horror that left no room for doubt.

Persuasion having failed, he decided upon force. To this end he procured a dagger, hid it in a convenient place, intending to use his weapon as a threat, but prepared, if necessary, to kill, and awaited his opportunity. And when it came he seized it. One day, while both families were at work in a threshing-floor about a hundred yards from the house, Maria sat on the porch sewing and watching over her baby sister. Alexander decided that the time was ripe. Asking her mother to drive his oxen for a few minutes, he went to a barn, got his dagger and entered the house. Then he called: "Maria, come inside." But Maria knew him, and feared to be alone with him. She refused to enter. Suddenly opening the door, he caught her by the arm, quickly dragged her inside and shut the door. Then throwing her on the floor he brandished his dagger before her horror-filled eyes, and demanded that she give herself to him. Steadfastly she refused. Stifling her screams with one hand over her mouth he tried to possess her by brute strength. She resisted with all the vigour of her young body. Outside, the baby, awakened by the sounds of the struggle, began to cry. Alexander knew that the baby's cries would reach the others, and that someone would come to quieten it. He decided that the time for brandishing his weapon was past, the moment to use it had come. With the frenzied fury begotten of lust, he plunged his reddening blade again and again into that innocent body, stabbing and slashing, till the mangled flesh had ceased to quiver, and she was still. Then leaving his victim lying in a pool of her own blood, he quietly walked upstairs into his own room and lay down upon his bed as if asleep.

Meanwhile, Maria's mother, hearing the baby's cries, wondered why Maria always so attentive to her every duty, had become neglectful now. She felt that something was wrong. She became suddenly possessed of a strange and insistent anxiety, and she sent one of her other children, a little boy about four years old, to find his sister. At the same time Maria recovered consciousness and, gathering all her feeble forces, slowly and painfully dragged herself to the door and succeeded in opening it. Outside she saw Alexander's father. With all her fast-ebbing strength she called to him, but she was so weak that her voice was little more than a whisper and the man gave no sign. However, if Alexander's father did not hear her, Alexander himself did, and rushing from his room, he threw himself once more with savage ferocity on his victim. And

this time he aimed his blows at her heart. Satisfied that now at last she was really dead, he once more calmly retired to his room.

His father however had thought, though he was not sure, that he had heard someone call him, and after a few moments he decided to go and see. At the same time her little brother came to seek her. Just inside the door they saw her blood-stained body. The child ran screaming to his mother, while Serenelli, calling to another woman who was near, to come and help him, lifted the poor victim and laid her upon her bed. At first they thought her dead, but found that she still lived in spite of her terrible injuries. A doctor brought in haste did all that he could for her, and that evening she was carried, as gently as might be, over the rough road to the hospital in Nettuno. There, everything possible was done, but nothing could save her. Indeed, it was almost a miracle that she lived so long, for her heart had been pierced clean through, and across the abdomen were four gaping wounds almost five inches long, through which the intestines protruded. In all she received eighteen wounds.



Below: **Interior View of the Church.**

Centre: **Image of Our Lady of Graces.**

Above: **Church and adjoining Retreat.**

AT THE RETREAT OF THE PASSIONISTS, NETTUNO.

Throughout the long hours of that seemingly interminable night she endured the most agonizing pain with heroic fortitude. Racked by spasms of intolerable torment, she yet could pray. She could even comfort her mother, who watched beside her. "See, mother," she said, "I'm not too bad. I'm doing well enough." Denied even the comfort of a drop of water to quench her burning thirst, she bore all with a serene patience. In the morning the priest came to administer the last sacraments. First he asked her if she forgave her enemy. "Yes, yes," she replied quickly. "I forgive him. I want him to be near me in Paradise." After mid-day her mother, seeing that her presence was distressing the poor sufferer, withdrew, and Maria composed her soul to go forth to meet her Maker. After a period of prayer, she became delirious, and even in her delirium her one thought seemed to be for the salvation of her murderer. "What are you doing, Alexander?" she exclaimed. "You will go to hell!" Suddenly the dying girl sprang up, screaming, caught her mother's arm, calling

her by name as if seeking protection, and fell back dead. It was a quarter to four on the 6th of July, 1902.

There is no need to comment on the story of Maria Goretti. Her actions speak louder than words. In this our day, when vice is almost regarded as a virtue, when resistance to evil is almost unknown, when the avoidance of pain has become an obsession, she laid down her life fearlessly in defence of her virtue, knowing that "he that shall lose his life, the same shall find it."

In the thirty-five years that have elapsed since her death, the name and fame of Maria Goretti have spread far beyond her native land. Her funeral was the occasion of an unparalleled manifestation of popular esteem and veneration, and her tomb became a place of pilgrimage. In 1929, the Rector of the Passionist Church at Nettuno, having secured the requisite permission of the ecclesiastical authorities, arranged to have the mortal remains of the heroic little martyr transferred to the church of Our Lady of Graces. The translation of the remains took place on 28th July, 1929, and in the procession which accompanied the casket, the religious, civic and military authorities officially participated. Many favours are said to have been granted through her intercession. Her cause for beatification has been already introduced, and although only in its preliminary stages, is making satisfactory progress.

"The Syllabus of Errors"

IT is characteristic of the mind of the Catholic Church that it is always "ahead of the time," in that it has an unerring instinct for discerning the very beginnings of disorder in either thought or conduct. It is interesting to reflect on a remarkable example of the eternal "rightness" of the Church's mind as shown in the *Syllabus of the Principal Errors of Our Time*, issued in 1864 by Pope Pius IX. It is important to note the words, "of our time," for a most striking thing to be observed in the Syllabus is that at the very birth of our "modern civilisation" the Church had marked the diseases which have now brought civilisation to the sick-bed from which its own doctors fear that it may never rise.

The Syllabus of Errors is precisely what its name implies—a catalogue of eighty erroneous propositions in which the Pope summarised the principal errors of the day under ten main classes of subjects. These subjects with which the Syllabus deals were, in their order: (1) Pantheism, Naturalism and Absolute Nationalism; (2) Moderate Rationalism; (3) Indifferentism, Latitudinarianism; (4) Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Societies, Clerico-Liberal Societies; (5) The Church and Her rights; (6) Civil Society; (7) Natural and Christian Ethics; (8) Christian Matrimony; (9) Civil Principality of the Roman Pontiff; and (10) Modern Liberalism. Each erroneous proposition was condemned in the form in which it is stated. Attached to each proposition was a reference to a Papal allocution, encyclical, letter-apostolic or other formal utterance by the Holy Father.

The *Syllabus* was received in 1864 with something like howls of derision from the non-Catholic world. Several governments—among them France, Russia and Victor Emmanuel's Italy—forbade publication of the *Syllabus* in their respective countries, and in Germany, Bismarck let it be known that it met with his entire disapproval. It was, in short, a rude shock all round. The reasons are plain when we look at the scope and the manner of its pronouncements, and the subjects treated. For instance, the proposition condemned in the opening references of the sixth division reads: "The Commonwealth is the origin and source of all rights, and possesses rights which are not circumscribed by any limits." This is of especial interest to-day in view of the widespread tendency to claim for the State supreme and unlimited authority. The general tenor of the seventeen propositions condemned in this division is an assertion of the complete power of the civil authority over all matters of religion, and of the Church's discipline. They constitute a pretty good description of the powers of an absolute or totalitarian State. This should interest democratic citizens who are to-day becoming disturbed over the reappearance of this phenomenon.

The final proposition condemned in the document is assuredly the gem of the collection. It reads: "The Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to and agree with progress, liberalism and civilisation as lately introduced." Of all the eighty propositions, this one is, perhaps, most widely known, and has attracted more vilification than any other, particularly on the part of the unintelligent. Look at it in the light of the world's condition to-day! What has become of the "progress" which in the middle of the last century had been "lately introduced"? As for the "civilisation," look at some of it! A score of millions of workers idle in the "civilised" world, every nation feverishly arming itself, dictatorships rising on the ruin of "democracies," and revolution brewing everywhere. And it was to the things that have brought about this state of affairs that the Pope should have "reconciled himself" seventy years ago! What an ironic vindication of the Church's mind and that in a single lifetime! It surely is its own best comment.

The Heart of a Woman

MAY NEVIN

"Why, Barney, what's the trouble?" she queried.

He raised his sorrowful eyes. "He—he's shot—the only friend I have."

Pat stood aghast, her heart beat painfully. She held her breath in suspense as she gazed at Barney.

HER real name was Patricia Mary, but she was known to her friends as Pat. From the day that she entered the world, a wee bit of humanity, with pink face and very blue eyes, and just the faintest suggestion of auburn hair covering her head, big pleasant John O'Byrne chuckled, and declared that his little daughter was a small edition of his younger brother, Joe, who flouted the family pride and became a boxer. And when, after the christening, the bundle of silk and ribbons was placed in his arms, and he stooped to kiss the rosebud mouth, and one of the tiny fists was landed full in his face, the resemblance was redoubled in his eyes.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, between his chuckles, "she's early showing the stuff she's made of. If she were a boy I'd say she might become a boxer, but as she is a girl all I can think is that it is a sign she is going to make men keep their proper distance. She has the eye of a rogue."

And as the months passed and the traits of character so early noticeable developed, no father was ever as proud of his daughter as John O'Byrne.

He was only three years married when his wife died. A great cloud seemed to have descended over the house that was hitherto so happy. And the house was meant for happiness, situated as it was on the Wicklow coast, where in summer the garden was ablaze with blushing roses, and drenched with the melody of birds, and the lawn swept in a tide of green to where the sea tumbled and sang below the rocks. In winter, the cosy rooms with the blazing fires and rich furniture, made one forget that all was bleak and cold without. Almost everything that money could buy was apparent in the home to which John O'Byrne brought his bride, for he was a rich man. But now that she was gone, he felt very much alone.

No, not quite alone; there was Pat, whose chubby legs seemed involuntarily to wander into every mischief she could find. And it was up in the sunny nursery that John O'Byrne learned to forget his grief.

At then, Pat could wind her father around her little finger, as she could wind all her friends, save the governesses, who came and went like the seasons of the year. Some of them left of their own accord, more of them were sent away by John O'Byrne at a hint from his little daughter. The man soon recognised, however, that if the girl were to be educated at all, he had better find some other method of imparting knowledge to her than through the medium of a governess.

He consulted his friend, Madame O'Grady, whose husband owned the estate adjoining his own. The result of the consultation was that Pat became a resident pupil at a high-class boarding school some ten miles distant. Strange to say, though her father foretold that she would return after the first month, she surprised them by taking to the new life as the proverbial duck takes to water. She enjoyed the companionship of the girls, and the competition in games and study.

"It's the fighting spirit again," her father would say proudly, whenever she carried home a prize. "She'll fight for whatever is hard to gain, but throw aside what is easily got."

Madame O'Grady was as fond of Pat as she was of her own son. And that meant a lot, for Bob, who at this period was travelling, was the apple of her eye. And when, at eighteen, Pat returned home, having completed her last term at school, she was a very attractive young person, indeed. Hardly to be wondered at that Madame should covet her as a future daughter-in-law.

The eyes had lost none of the blue they held when she first opened them; the complexion was pink and white, and the features flawless. When she laughed, a thousand imps danced in her eyes, and dimples played around her small mouth. The auburn down had grown into a mop of chestnut curls which, however, Dame Fashion decreed should be bobbed. The effect was charming. And the fists? Ah, no; not since the time she was a wee girl playing with Bob O'Grady, who was her senior by five years, had she used them; though the square chin told of a determination that was more effective than physical violence.

With fatherly pride, John O'Byrne saw his daughter take her place as mistress of his home.

"But she won't be long left with me," he told himself one evening when she sat opposite to him at dinner, and watched her face sparkling with fun as she talked. "But Bob is a nice chap—one of the best!"

By which observation it may be known that the man shared Madame O'Grady's ambition, to see their estates joined by the marriage of their respective inheritors. And though he had no idea of these wishes, Bob, on his return home a few months later, fell an easy victim to the charms of his former playmate.

But before the renewal of their friendship was many months old, Bob was almost on the brink of despair. Pat was elusive as the waves that sparkled in the sea. There were times when he thought she returned the love he displayed towards her; that was when she was in one of her sweet, agreeable moods. And then, as though realising his hopes, she teased him unmercifully; the soft expression faded from her eyes to give place to the little imps that maddened while they fascinated him. Each time she treated him badly he told himself and her that he was done with her forever; but his grim determination was shattered before the sunshine of smile when they next met.

II.

"It can't go on forever!"

"What—The fine weather?"

Pat looked up innocently at Bob as he walked beside her. His eyes held a moody expression, and his face that by its tan showed his love of the open, was set.

"Of course not!" was the gruff rejoinder. "But this friendship of ours. Once and for all, Pat, tell me what you intend doing." There was the faintest suggestion of softness in the voice. "I want to know where I stand."

Pat grinned. "Time you have grown particular about your footing. I believe you were up to your waist last night catching eels; and often as not you are in a disgraceful condition after a day's shooting when you plough through a bog."

"Pat, when will you take me seriously?" He turned to her suddenly. They were standing near her gate with the twin trees of lilac that drenched the air with its perfume. "You know I love you—though you *are* provoking—"

"Then why waste your love on me?" was the retort. "My dear boy, don't look at me like that—it hurts—"

"Pat!"

"Hurts yourself, I mean," she added, quenching the light that had leapt to his eyes. "It takes a greater number of muscles to frown than to laugh, you know. So keep smiling! And with this advice, Bob, I leave you before the sun ruins my complexion. Terry Pender is painting my portrait—he'd be so disappointed!"

"D—— Terry Pender!" Bob flung out, savagely.

But Pat did not appear to notice his anger, for she left him with a pleasant "Cheerio!" She entered the house by the kitchen garden, just in time to hear Brigid, the cook, expelling Barney Doyle from her presence.

"Get away out o' that, you *omadaun*!" she was saying. "Nothing for you an' your master only running after those who don't want you!"

Pat chuckled. She felt sorry for poor Barney who, rather crestfallen, departed—though by this time he ought to be used to Brigid's outbursts. Barney's courtship was a standing joke among the servants; how he could think of marrying the hot-tempered little maid none of them could understand.

Barney was Bob O'Grady's general factotum—his "shadow" many titled him. It was Barney, together with his dog, Dandy, who accompanied Bob on all his sporting expeditions—shooting and fishing. Barney was called an *omadaun* by more than Brigid, though this was due to the fact of his being born in the primitive district of Cloobeg, and his education not proceeding further than the initial stages. Bob, however, found in him a faithful, if blundering servant.

Later, Pat saw the two tramp off in the direction of the bog. She guessed Bob was going to relieve his feelings in an evening's shooting, for he carried his gun. She knew she hurt him pretty badly by her indifference and allusion to Terry Pender, but she did not care. She wished he would let her alone—for a while. His constant attentions to her were hateful—or ridiculous, at least; she hated his assurance that gave one to think she was his special property.

"Birds of a feather!" she laughed, as the two disappeared across the horizon. Barney's feelings, she guessed, coincided with his master's.

That evening Terry Pender took her for a row in a boat, but, somehow, it lacked the joy it used to hold when Bob was present to see her in his rival's company. She knew that the sports-loving Bob always felt at a disadvantage beside the young artist, who ever managed to look trim without appearing a fop.

Pat was glad when they returned; she parted with Terry on the rocks. She did not go in the direction of home, just wandered along the road with the vague hope of meeting Bob. Somehow, she felt a tiny twinge of remorse for her treatment of him. *Was* she cruel? she asked herself. Her father had accused her of something like it this morning.

Just as she turned a bend in the road she saw the unkempt figure of Barney sitting on the ditch, looking the picture of woe. In fact, his sorrow was so keen that it prevented him from walking any further. He did not see Pat approach, for his head was bent on his hands, his elbows on his knees.

"Why, Barney, what's the trouble?" she queried.

He raised his sorrowful eyes. "He—he's shot—the only friend I have; the—"

"Barney, what do you mean?" Pat stood aghast; her heart thumped painfully against her side, and she almost held her breath in suspense as she gazed in horror at Barney, whose head had again dropped into his hands.

"Arrah, Miss Pat, don't ask me to talk about it! It was so sudden. The gun went off be accident, an'— But, sure, Miss Pat, you never cared for him. Don't I remember the way you used to laugh an'—"

"Barney, for pity's sake, take me to him. Is—is he—dead?"

Barney stared at her. He forgot his own grief at the sight of her pale face.

"He's dead, all right, but—The Lord save us! she's fainted!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet and looking round him wildly. "What have I done at all? Brigid is right!" he wailed; "I'm an *omadaun*! I must have said something mighty queer that—" He broke off and waved his arms wildly towards a sturdy figure that hove into view.

* * * * *

"Barney Doyle, I often told you you were an *omadaun*, an' I was right!

But for that same we ought to thank Providence," declared Brigid, setting the kettle on the fire and adding a few sticks to the glowing coals.

Barney's face was a study as he listened, bewildered by the words.

"Why, what did I do at all?" he asked.

"Do? Why, the best turn ever a mortal did. Whatever way you spoke to Miss Pat about the shooting o' that oul' dog o' yours she thought you meant Master Bob. An' Master Bob's was the first face she saw when she came out o' the faint. Well, she managed to hide her feelings all these months, but she couldn't hide them any longer. The joy an' the love that shone in her eyes in that minute was worth all the misery he endured at her hands since coming home. The two o' them are above stairs this minute," she beamed. "An' mark my words, there'll be wedding bells ringing before many weeks are out. They want tea brought out to the garden now."

"Begorra, that bet!" Barney breathed, tilting his cap forward and scratching his head.

"An' if they do get married," Brigid added, "I'm willing, like the King long ago, to give you anything you ask, even if it's half me kingdom."

Barney stood over her, an odd twinkle in his eye. "Brigid, do you mean it?" But sure, I'm afraid I'd want more than the half of it—it's yourself I want."

She was stooping to pick up a coal that fell into the fender, but at Barney's words, she paused, and for a moment it looked as though she were about to use the tongs in a way that was never intended by the inventor. Suddenly, however, she resumed her first thought of task, and said simply: "Well, I suppose you deserve all you ask." And then, almost in the one breath, added: "Now, look here, Barney Doyle, none o' your blarney or you'll leave the kitchen!"

But unlike previous occasions, Barney stood firm.

If ever you call to see John O'Byrne he is sure to show you the stuffed dog that stands in his drawing-room.

"That is Dandy," he will tell you; "the animal whose shooting brought about my having to look for a new maid and losing my daughter at the same time. Barney always held that Dandy was a good dog," he will laugh. "He certainly was that when, aided by his master, he was the means of showing the true feelings of the heart of a woman."

Creation

Sublime and great Thy wonders are
Oh God of earth and sea;
The stars that deck the firmament
Were formed of naught by Thee.

The sun, the moon, the azure dome
That bounds our mortal view,
Have all at Thy one fiat come
And homage pay to you.

The Heavens weep down crystal dews
At Thy supreme command,
And flowers rare perfume the air,
And verdure clothes the land.

The mountains bold, as David told,
"Have leaped in very joy,"
The little hills and silvery rills
Have felt the same alloy.

With crested waves the ocean heaves
And bounds in jubilee,
Yes! all combine, in joy divine
The Heavens, Earth and Sea.

But man, alas! we cannot class
'Though monarch, lord of all;
For he alone, from God hath flown,
But his alone the fall.

Creation's Lord hath passed his word
That guilty man should die—
But Justice slept and Mercy wept
Forgiveness from on high.

Then hallowed be the Father's name
Th'ternal Son's likewise,
And honoured be the Paraclete
Below, above the skies.

D. V. CLEMENT.

The Work of Sister Francis

For a moment Sister Francis stood upright, with all the grace of her early womanhood. Then she bent her head—and when she lifted it again, her eyes were filled with tears : : : : : : : :

M. V. REIDY

SISTER FRANCIS, the Convent laundress, was small in size, prompt and alert in manner, and had a face which in repose brought memories of the pictured features of Madonnas as drawn by the Italian Masters. When lit up by a smile, as it usually was, it compelled the reverence of those who came near her. Strangers visiting the Convent, and noticing the refined features of the Lay-Sister, concluded that she was of gentle birth. In this they were right, though not in the conventional sense which the term evoked in their minds.

Sister Francis was the daughter of a Gaelic poet, whose fame was widespread along the borders of Kerry and West Cork towards the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It was an evil time for Gaelic poets, however. Like his father and grandfather before him, he worked as a day labourer for farmers throughout Kerry, Cork and Limerick, even though his grandfather was the companion, friend and recognised fellow-poet of such men as Egan O'Rahilly, Brian Merriman and Tadg Gaolach O'Sullivan. They had left many manuscript poems behind them, which the father of Sister Francis preserved. But the Famine came, and the voices of the poets were no longer heard in the countryside. Before he died in the year 1846, from the effects of semi-starvation, Seaghan O'Daly, the father of Sister Francis, composed a satirical poem on the proselytising Soupers who tried to seduce him from the Faith of his fathers. As a child of ten, Una O'Daly came with her mother to live in a dreary lane in the little town of Ballymore. For the children of the lane, a brighter day dawned with the coming of Una O'Daly, and her mother. She brought Fairyland into the unattractive lane, and sunshine into the hearts of the children who dwelt there. When, on her mother's death, she entered the Convent as a Lay-Sister, her memory left a fragrance which lingered in the lane.

With her mother she had lived the life of the poor—the very poor, and yet that life was not unhappy. Her mother worked hard, they often lacked some of the ordinary comforts of life, but destitution never passed beyond the threshold of their humble home. Its icy breath never brought despair. When depression, when tragedy, when death came amongst their poorer neighbours, the suffering children found comfort and hope in the humble home of the O'Daly family. From her mother the future Lay-Sister learnt the calling of a laundress. From the elderly Lay-Sister who acted as Convent Laundress she learnt more. When she finally took over her post in the Convent she put her whole mind and heart into the work, with the result that the Convent laundry soon acquired more than a local fame. Elderly parish priests, educated in France, as so many of the Irish priesthood were in those days, confided to the Reverend Mother that the work of Sister Francis was an art, and took their memories back to France, which, coming from their lips, was the highest form of praise.

Una O'Daly took by choice the name of Saint Francis of Assisi. Like him, she loved the poor and humble. She pitied those who ground the faces of the poor, who steeled their hearts to the wants of the needy. She pitied those who callously stood by, not lifting a hand to drive off the wolf of hunger who invaded the homes of the poor, and stole the food out of their cupboards, the fire from off their hearths, the clothes off their backs. She pitied those who, possessing the means to prevent it, saw hunger and privation steal the bloom out of the

faces of women, the laughter out of the lips of children, and hope out of the hearts of men. Poverty had beauty and dignity in the eyes of Sister Francis, but stark, staring destitution had none. The latter was a call to the rich, the moderately well-to-do, and even to the comparatively poor who could afford it, to rally to the side of the stricken ones and render effective help. If those who could help responded to the call, then all was well with the world. If they did not, then so much the worse for them. "The Poor man shall not be forgotten to the end; the patience of the poor shall not perish forever." Sister Francis pitied those whose ears were deaf to the voice of Christ, uttered through the needs of the poor and lowly.

It may be that a theologian or social reformer could find a flaw or two in the theories of Sister Francis as to the duty of the rich towards the poor, but none of them could find a flaw in her practice. Noted for her holiness, her charity, her wisdom, she became Christ's Almoner for His poor, and dispensed it in a most admirable way. Organised Charity only too often patronises the poor, and offends in the giving. The Charity dispensed by Sister Francis was regarded by those who received it as the material form which Love takes in answering the call of the poor. One of Sister Francis's fundamental theories was that a little kindness, courtesy and understanding, were very often more acceptable to the needy than rich gifts given ungraciously and unwisely. To Sister Francis every human being was a Temple of God, and it was the bounden duty of all those who could do so, without serious inconvenience to themselves, to take an active part in maintaining those God-made Temples in a seemly way. Sister Francis was no scholar, but there was no passage in the Old or New Testaments referring to the poor, which she could not aptly quote.

Sister Francis lived up to the dawn of the twentieth century, happy in the thought that times were getting a little better for her beloved poor as the years rolled by. Nothing pleased her more in her old age than to receive a visit from some of the children she had helped in childhood and youth, and who had prospered in a moderate way in the United States, to which so many of them emigrated. They gave her gifts in money, clothing and other articles, which she dispensed after the same old manner. Once a returned Irish-American who had amassed a large amount of money as a prize-fighter came home to Ballymore. In early life he was one of a group of the poorest of the poor children to whom Sister Francis dispensed tea and bread and butter at school. He brought with him a most elaborate bath-chair, the first of its kind seen in Ballymore, and an expensive rug for Sister Francis. "Tell her," he said to the railway porter who was to deliver the articles at the convent, "that when I get the Reverend Mother's permission, she'll be the first I'll call to see. Tell her my heart is sound, although my nose is broken."

A few years before her death, the aged Lay Sister had a distinguished visitor, who had travelled all the way from Dublin to see her. He was a college professor, and much interested in the revival of the Irish language. By chance he had heard a short time before that Sister Francis preserved some manuscripts which she had inherited from her father. He had written to her, and in reply she sent him on the whole of her manuscript possessions. When he had read them, he hurried down from Dublin and called at the Convent. "I thank you," he said, as he bowed reverently to Sister Francis, "for entrusting me with the manuscripts which I shall translate and publish. You have made yourself the custodian of much beauty, which will bring joy to thousands."

For one moment Sister Francis stood upright, with all the grace of her early womanhood. Her old-time smile came into her face, and with it came a momentary look of pride in the work of her forbears. Then the thought of her father dying in 1846, the circumstances of his death, and the host of old-time memories which flashed across her mind, and caused her to bend her head. When she lifted it again, her eyes were welling with tears.

The Blessed Virgin and St. Anne

(Feast of St. Anne : July 26th)

Picture by courtesy of Rev. M. Ronan, C.C.

DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE IN DUBLIN.

" There is scarcely any doubt that the devotion to St. Anne in Dublin was contemporary with the colonisation of Dublin. Although the Anglo-Normans were fierce warriors, lusty adventurers, and unscrupulous spoilers, yet they combined with all this an extraordinary regard for magnificent church ceremonial and devotion to their patron saints. Their veneration for Saint Anne they brought with them from Normandy. So popular became the devotion in Dublin that the Archbishop, in a Provincial Council in 1352, *ordered the festival of* 26*th July to be celebrated as a holiday of obligation. This decree held for the whole province of Leinster. Moreover, a Proper Mass and Office of St. Anne were ordered to be said on the Feast. From all this it is abundantly clear that the people of Leinster, and particularly of Dublin, had been clamouring for special recognition of the popular devotion to St. Anne."*

REV. M. RONAN, C.C.

A Wanderer in the Wasteland

ALICE DEASE

On the desolate Behring Sea, half a world away from his Austrian home, the wanderer made his last confession. He had someone's good prayers. And the priest left him with God, Who was his Shepherd, and soon to be his Judge

IT was not an Irish convent, though had it been less bare, it might easily have been. The same pictures hung on the walls, along which chairs were ranged. A table stood in the centre of the parlour with a statue in the centre of it, under a glass dome. But it was an Austrian nun who was saying good-bye to her seafaring brother, after one of the periodical visits he never failed to pay to his only sister.

"You don't forget Gottlieb, Gretchen?" He looked down at the little figure before him. "You pray for him? But of course I know you do."

"Oh yes, of course I do. I pray for you all every day, you and Lise and the children, but most of all for him. We can never forget him, can we, poor boy? Perhaps we spoilt him Hans, you and I, when he was all that our mother left us. And you say you don't know even where he is now?"

Hans shook his head.

"How long is it since I have heard from him?" he said, thoughtfully. "Five, six, seven years! But, little sister we pray on, *hein*? And of one thing we may be certain. Wherever Gottlieb is, it won't be far from the sea. We have it in our blood, he and I."

So the big seafaring man went on his way, but the compact between the brother and sister remained.

As children there had been three of them. Left without father or mother, they clung together, the two elders bringing up the younger, until the restlessness of the age overtook him, and he wandered away—over the sea. For a few years they had heard from him, here and there, in the seaports of the world. Then a few letters from Newfoundland—then silence.

The years passed on. Hans had married; Gretchen, tearing herself from their beloved sea, had found content in a distant convent where, two or three times a year Hans had visited her, and there together, as each did alone for the rest of the year, they prayed for their wanderer, Gottlieb.

* * * * *

To the south of the ice-country of Alaska there runs into the sea a long peninsula, which with a chain of small islands, forms the most westerly point of the American Continent. Here the fishermen employed in the Behring Sea make their headquarters. False Pass was one of these centres, and it is an interesting study for those who, like George, were storing up information for their future lives, whilst putting himself through college with the savings of his previous work in one of the great canneries of the country.

He was the youngest member of the arctic explorative expedition of Father Hubbard, the Jesuit who is known the world over as "the glacier priest," and taking advantage of the enforced delay at False Pass, he was exploring on his own account amongst the varied crafts that filled the harbour.

Yet, one night found him knocking at the door of the room which the Superintendent had put at the disposal of the priest.

"What is it?" answered Father Hubbard, sleepily.

"Father" came the answer, "there is a very sick man down on the docks, and I found out he was a Catholic. The doctor can do no more for him, but he is calling for a priest."

In his book, *Cradle of the Storms*, the Jesuit Explorer notes : " That one event was worth all else, indeed it was worth the whole eight years of Alaskan exploration to me."

It was not long before Father Hubbard was ready to follow George, who wanted no commendation for what he had done, but would have been well repaid by his beloved leaders : " This is true Catholic Action, boy. God will surely bless you for what you have done." The boy had noted the vessel in which the sick man lay, and when they came along the dock, on a line with it, he and the Padre steadied themselves on the swaying rigging of the boat nearest to them, and swung down off the wharf to its deck. A series of acrobatic performances took them from one of the fishing-boats to the next, no easy journey to a traveller less steady of eye and arm than the priest he was leading.

At last they came to the end of their search, and a watcher on the boat showed them the way down to the galley where the sick man lay. A hanging lamp lit dimly the cramped quarters where the dying man was moaning in agony, quite conscious, and propped up against the table.

" I told you I would bring Father " George greeted him cheerfully. " And I don't believe there is another priest within two hundred miles."

The man was in intense pain, and his welcome to the priest was in American-English, spoken with a strong German accent.

So it was in his own tongue that Father Hubbard answered him, and an amazing light of relief and comfort came over the dying features. It was years, many, many years since he had been to confession, and the effort now was much less when he could speak in his own tongue.

He made his confession, and the priest spoke to him, after giving him absolution, of the wonderful grace that had been given him.

" You have someone's prayers, Lib." For thus had the American form of the Austrian name been given to him.

" Sure ! " said the weak voice. " My brother Hans, and Gretchen—she is a nun— " And he told where, amongst his few papers, the addresses would be found of those he knew were praying for him.

The lamp was glimmering, and gave just sufficient light to show by the Jesuit's watch, that midnight was approaching. Feeling the pulse of Lib., Father Hubbard gave a sign to George.

" Call one of the others to stay here " he said. " And let us go back. It will be morning before we get to the Superintendent's house, and I will say Mass and come back to him, with Holy Communion."

The return journey was less lengthy than the going out, and Mass was said in his room, with the general leave that had been given to the Explorer. George served the Mass, as was his daily custom, unless the conditions of the expedition made it impossible. When Father Hubbard had unvested, he took the extra Host Which he had consecrated " out into that chilly, wet, Behring Sea night, down between the silent buildings, along the slippery wharf." The acrobatic feats were repeated, certainly with more care than before, and then in the stuffy, evil-smelling galley Our Lord visited the heart of His strayed sheep, who had never let go of his belief and who through the prayers persistent, never forgotten, of his brother and sister, had been given such a wonderful favour.

It was months later when all explorations for the year being at an end, and the Glacier Priest had become again the lecturer and the professor, that he had an answer to the letter he had written to Austria.

Gottlieb was dead, long since, but dead with the grace of repentance and the assurance of God's forgiveness, and Hans with his family in his home by the Danube, and Sister Margarethe in her convent, whence so many, many prayers had gone up, thanked God not once, but continuously as before they had prayed for the far-off brother who had been the strayed sheep of the family.

Serial Story

The Problem Page ~ *FRANCES MacBRIDE*

CHAPTER VII.—*Search.*

A FORTNIGHT went by, and it seemed to Diana that she had always lived in a cottage on Goose Common, and that a strange woman and her new-born infant had always been under her care. No one seemed to mind the break in routine which the care of the waifs implied; indeed, after a time this settled into a quiet, if uneven rhythm that was somehow pleasing. The baby gained in health and strength every day, and the mother seemed a little better already, although the doctor was worried by her curious, short little cough, which, coming at frequent intervals, left his patient spent and weak.

One fine afternoon, Diana, wearied by the letters for the moment, pushed them aside and went into the garden to do a bit of weeding. She had hardly started when Maggie appeared with a message from the sick woman. Would Miss Stainsforth have a word or two with her? Although she had been with them a fortnight the poor creature had hardly exchanged words with anyone at Quain, being so ill and weak, and most of the time barely conscious. When Diana, tossing her gloves into the hall seat, entered the sick room, the patient was propped up in a sitting position with many pillows. To Diana's unskilled eyes she looked uncommonly well; the intense deep blue of her eyes contrasted prettily with a wild-rose flush in either cheek. She smiled at Diana, a faint, friendly little smile. Diana sat down and took one of the limp hands in hers.

"How are you?" she asked. "Better' I hope; I do wish you were just a bit stronger and I could have you out in the garden in this marvellous weather."

There was a mist of tears spreading a veil before the blue eyes of the woman when Diana looked.

"You have been terribly good to me, Miss Stainsforth, since I came here. And patient too, for never once have you hinted that I ought to give an explanation, a duty I know in my heart I owe you."

"Indeed!" said Diana, in real distress, "I don't wish to pry into your private affairs. Surely it was enough for me to know you were alone and helpless and in need of my care. At least, just tell me your Christian name. Maggie calls you 'the mother,' when it isn't 'that poor creature'."

"My name is Mary Norris. My husband, Paul Norris, is dead. I am absolutely alone in the world, and I didn't tell you about myself either when I first came or later, because then, I didn't know myself who I was or what I was doing down here."

"Why, you poor soul!"

"That is why I want you to know something about me, so that you might understand my plight when you took me in. It will be necessary for me to go into details, but I beg you to be patient, as these have a bearing on my story."

"Please don't tire yourself. Another day, you can talk," begged Diana.

"There might not be many more days," smiled Mary Norris. "Let me tell you. I was the only child of my parents. They were terribly religious—if you can understand what I mean by that term. They belonged to a strict sect which believed no one outside that sect could ever hope for salvation. It was not a very bright or cheerful atmosphere to be brought up in, Miss Stainsforth, I assure you. We went to church three times on Sundays, and there were also two services during the week, as well as a chapter of the Bible to be learnt by heart. It was a sin to sing or dance or go to a theatre or cinema; and there was none of those perfectly innocent pleasures youth looks for these days. I don't want you to think my parents were unkind to me, Miss Stainsforth; as a matter of fact, they had a very great affection for me, and showed it in the strict manner of

my upbringing. When I grew up it was only after great persuasion that my father allowed me to go into an office as a typist and earn my own living; and I was just nineteen when I met a young man called Paul Norris. He was a teller in a bank, and we got to know each other travelling by the same 'bus. I introduced him to my parents and he was very well received by them. Paul had very charming manners, Miss Stainsforth, and he had a good job, which fact seemed to impress my father very much. You see, for all his strict outlook he had a keen eye for the material side of things."

THE weak voice faltered a little, yet went on bravely. "It was not very long before my father made inquiries about my friend's spiritual outlook, and of course I told him he was a Catholic. Honestly, I never dreamed such a simple statement could produce such an uproar. I could not have caused a bigger sensation if I had said he was a Hindu or an atheist; in fact, now I think of it, a Hindu or an atheist would have been welcome rather than a Catholic. My father went about like one out of his mind; my mother took to her bed, sick with worry. They did everything in their power to part me from Paul, but it was useless. You see, I was by now, self-supporting, and the atmosphere at home became unbearable with quarrelling and friction, and at last I left."

She paused, and this time Diana gave her a drink from the glass on the table by her bed.

"I stayed at the Catholic Women's League Hostel in town. Paul suggested this, and I was very happy during my stay. Strange to say, it was my father's hatred of the Catholic Faith that caused me to make inquiries about it. I began my instructions and was received into that Faith less than three months after leaving my father's house. Six months later, Paul and I were married.

"We were terribly happy together, Paul and I. It was not so much that we loved each other, but because we were so perfectly in harmony. It is only people in love who can inflict the deepest wounds on each other. I had asked to be instructed in the Faith, first because of Paul, and secondly because my father had hated it so; but soon I found I had embraced something much bigger and stronger than I knew; something that was above loves and hates. Instead of it being a means to an end, it was suddenly my whole life.

"My father got to hear of it and wrote me a terrible letter in which he disowned me, and threatened me with the just vengeance of an angry God. Paul laughed at it, but I'm afraid I cried." She leaned a little weariedly against her pillows.

"We were married two years," she resumed, "when Paul met with a slight accident one day. He was chopping wood in the garden of our little home when the axe slipped and gave him a nasty cut just above the wrist of his left arm. It turned septic and poisoning followed, and for seven months he lay in hospital dangerously ill. Things were pretty bad with me then, Miss Stainsforth. At first, my old Firm gave me my job back, but later on I had to give it up. I don't want you to think I was unhappy, far from it; but it would seem there's a price to be paid for every good and perfect thing in this world, and I was paying mine for the Faith."

SHE turned her head and looked out at the wind-tossed trees in the garden.

"The day he was discharged from hospital was a wonderful day for me. I had our little house in perfect order, the best china out, and a special cake baked for tea; then I went to bring him home. We had to cross the road to get a 'bus—imagine—we were so poor we couldn't afford a taxi—when suddenly a car swung round the corner upon us. Paul saw it before I did and pushed me to the kerb with all his might. When I looked back he was lying quite still in the middle of the road. . . ."

Diana inclined her head, but said nothing.

"He was quite dead when they picked him up, and so baldy smashed they wouldn't let me see him. There was no one at the funeral but the priest of the parish where we lived and two neighbours. When I got home there was a letter from my father. The first was quite bad enough, Miss Stainsforth, but this. . . . Of course, poor man, he must have been quite mad. He finished up by misquoting some passage in Scripture that God's foot was upon me, and that presently His heel would crush me to powder. . .

"I suppose it was my nerves that broke under the strain. That first night I was really alone in our little house, I began to think about Paul and how good he was to me; and about my father, and that dreadful letter lying on the table, when suddenly my mind went blank. I don't remember a single thing that happened to me from the moment I was sitting at home after Paul's death, until I woke here in this room with the doctor telling me I had a little son, and that I was to grow strong and well for his sake."

"The doctor says you must have wandered miles," said Diana. "You were weak from starvation, and he was aware too that you had received a bad mental shock."

"Miss Stainsforth, my baby is a fortnight old, and he has not yet been baptised."

"Baptised? You mean you want him to have some kind of ceremony? Why, you are not able to take your child out, yet."

"That's not necessary, Miss Stainsforth. Catholic parents as a rule have their children christened (it's the old-fashioned word for baptism, meaning 'putting-on-Christ') within a day or two of their birth. Mrs. Kennedy, your housekeeper, is a Catholic. She could arrange it all for me, I'm sure, that is if you will permit it."

"Why, I will do everything in my power to assist you and Maggie, since it means such a lot to you. You are aware, of course, that I am not a Catholic, that indeed, I have no religion at all?"

"Yes!" Mrs. Morris managed to put quite a sorrowful note into the monosyllable, and Diana wondered why.

"I want you to see that the baby is called John Peter Paul," went on the sick woman. "He was born on the twenty-fourth of June, and therefore he brought his name with him, for that day is the feast of St. John the Baptist, the forerunner of Our Lord. A few days later was the Feast of those two great Saints, Peter and Paul, and then Paul was his father's name. Poor little mite, he was born under quite a galaxy of saints, wasn't he?"

Diana turned to the wicker washing-basket that did duty as a cradle, standing beside the bed. She had never seen the baby at close quarters, nor indeed any baby; and this child, born under such unusual circumstances, lay very still and silent, regarding the world about him with his very blue eyes, as though he saw everything in the minutest detail. He had quite a shock of thick dark hair, and he was softly pink and white like almond-blossom. As she looked, he raised one dainty little hand towards her, a gesture that stirred her heart in the most peculiar way.

"He is a beautiful little child, Mrs. Morris," she said. "When would you like me to see to his baptism?"

"Could it be arranged for Saturday? You see, I'd like to put him under the patronage of Our Lady."

"Why, yes," answered Diana, not understanding in the least what she meant. "I'll go now and see Maggie about it."

It appeared that Maggie was to act godmother to the baby, and Diana was unaware that such preparation was attendant on a baptism. She was up early on Saturday morning and met Maggie in the passage, looking so fresh she might never have been in bed. "I've been up since the screek of day, Miss Diana," she said, smiling a good-morning, "to get that blessed child

dressed, and now he looks a joy, though I say it myself."

"Maggie, would it be all right for me to come along with you? I am very interested, as I have never seen a baptism."

"Why, of course, Miss Diana, dear! Come along, do!"

IT was still very early when they left Quain, and the village was awake too. The baby was carried by Maggie, dressed in her best clothes to do honour to the occasion; and though none knew it, the baby was dressed in the silk and lace dress and the heavily-fringed shawl that had belonged to Maggie's long-dead son. As they passed the store, Susan Gatherly stepped out and gave Maggie a small posy of sweet garden flowers.

"That is an old Sussex tradition," explained Maggie. "You should give silver or a garland to a new-born baby when you meet it."

The priest, Father Blandford, already vested, awaited their coming. He greeted Maggie, and looked at Diana interestedly.

"This is Miss Stainsforth, Father," introduced Maggie, "the lady who cares for Mrs. Norris and the baby."

"How do you do, Miss Stainsforth?" asked the priest, shaking hands.

"I have heard a great deal about you from Maggie, and I have wanted to see in the flesh one who performs the ancient Christian duty of hospitality with the same old-time-grace.

Diana was much embarrassed.

"I only did what anyone with a heart in their breast would have done," she said. "After all, when a sick woman faints on your very doorstep. . . ."

"Most people ring for the police or an ambulance," finished the priest. "You have never seen the ceremony of baptism? Just take this little book and you can follow the entire ritual quite easily in English."

Father Blandford was a man in the middle thirties, very tall and slimly-built and dark. Diana became conscious of his eyes while he spoke to her, eyes that were sad and kind and wise all at once. His smile was slow, and very charming, his voice deep and cultured.

THE ceremony began in the vestry, where it was easy enough to follow the priest by his actions, although the words were in Latin. He breathed on the child, he put one end of his stole upon it; after which he placed salt in its mouth, all with the most appropriate prayers. Then they went to the font, where the child was anointed on the forehead, neck and breast with holy oil, before the water was poured on its head to the accompaniment of the words: "I baptize thee, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." She saw the beautiful symbolism of a lighted candle and the white linen, then they went back to the vestry where the name of John Peter Paul Norris was added to the Parish Register.

"Well, Miss Stainsforth, and what did you think of the ceremony?" asked Father Blandford.

"If I were a Catholic I would say it was just right," said Diana. "Every word you used, every action you performed, had a meaning of its own, each a vital part of the whole."

"Exactly what I thought, when I was baptised," he said, whimsically.

She looked at him blankly, and he smiled.

"I have been a Catholic for ten years and a priest for five," he explained briefly. "Well, Mrs. Kennedy, I won't detain you, as I see you are anxious to be home with your charge. Good-morning, Miss Stainsforth."

When they reached Quain, Diana saw Maggie, without removing her hat or gloves, walk straight into the sick-room, and place the child in his mother's arms. There was something at once appealing and sad in the way Mary Norris bent to kiss the child. Almost as if he were new-born again, thought Diana. What were the words in that little book the priest had lent her? Something about a man being born again of water and the Holy Ghost?

This must be it here before her eyes; a new birth, spiritually, that opened such vistas of surpassing splendour to this mother as to make her thin face radiant, ethereal with a new kind of happiness.

The sun went down on a most joyous day. Maggie, invested with a new majesty in her title of godmother, used her queenly authority to the full. John Peter Paul was promoted from a washing-basket to a real cradle lined with blue sateen, and of such a convenient height that Maggie, sitting with her crochet in the porch of a fine evening, could rock it with her foot.

ALTHOUGH she was of that household, Diana felt out of things somehow. There was a veil here past which she could not see hanging between her and a land she wished to know. There was a happiness here she could not share, and the knowledge caused a pain to stab at her heart.

Yet, it was all so stupid and silly. Was she growing morbid, here in the quiet countryside? What need had she of some indefinable thing to make joy for her? She had her work, which day by day was growing more engrossing. She had her books and her garden, and the friendship of Charles Arrowsmith, a fine thing not to be lightly taken, to fill her life. Why, then, should vague imaginings trouble her with their insistence, especially when she could not put a name to this restlessness that ailed her?

At half-past one that morning, Mrs. Norris had a bad attack, which scared Diana nearly out of her wits, and even upset the calm Maggie not a little. The doctor, hastily summoned, gave his patient a stimulant, and sat with her awhile. After half an hour her condition was so much improved that he advised Maggie and Diana to go to bed, but promised to be in later in the day for a word with Diana.

After his visit, the doctor summoned Diana into the sitting-room.

"Miss Stainsforth, you will agree with me that doctors as a rule are the most optimistic of beings, and do not alarm people when it is unnecessary. Yet, all things considered, I think it would be unfair for me to hide the truth from you much longer. I will speak plainly, Miss Stainsforth. Mrs. Norris had a bad attack last night. There may be one or two more, but I think she will not survive a third like last night."

His pause made her look at him with frightened eyes.

"But, doctor, you don't mean to say she is weaker? Why, this morning she never looked better, or so I thought!"

"Assuredly," said the doctor. "It is a common symptom in these cases. I don't blame you, people are easily deceived. For your own good, because you have made yourself responsible for this poor woman and her baby, I want to warn you so that when the end comes you might not be unduly distressed nor disturbed. Her heart is in a very weak state, and the ordeal she has endured, coupled with a severe mental shock, has used up what little reserve she had."

"It seems strange when you put it like that, Doctor. She is so alert and smiling and so fond of her baby that it seems you must be mistaken."

"I assure you I am not, Miss Stainsforth. If I were not certain, I need never have spoken."

"Does she know, do you think, that she might die like that—suddenly?"

"It is very difficult to tell just exactly what Mrs. Norris knows," said the doctor, musingly. "Often, it appears to me she is aware, and yet she is so placid and calm that it seems impossible for her to know. I wonder what her secret is?"

"One would think she would be out of her mind, wondering what is to become of the child when she is gone. Doctor, what shall I do?"

"Continue as you have been doing with the nursing. Keep cheerful at all costs. Don't let her suspect. After all, it is in the lap of the gods."

NEXT MONTH: CHAPTER VIII.—*The Finding of the Pearl.*

~ From Our Post Bag ~

PATRON SAINT FOR TYPISTS.

Mook, Holland.
June 10th, 1937.

Dear Rev. Father,

In connection with the correspondence (p. 88, *The Cross*, June number) I take the liberty of sending you under separate cover a stray copy of the official organ of the Catholic Typists' Guild of St. Genesius, established at Rotterdam, Holland. You will notice that in September, 1933, the said paper "St. Genesius-Blad" was in its *fourteenth* year. Hence this patron-saint for typists may be new to the French, but is certainly not so to the Dutch. The "Groote" system, specially mentioned, is by the way a true shorthand system.

With fraternal greetings in Xto.
BRO. LAMBERT, C.P.
Business Manager of "Golgotha."

[Many thanks to Bro. Lambert for his information with regard to the patron-saint of shorthand-typists. St. Genesius is of course identical with St. Genes, mentioned by our correspondent in the June issue, the latter being the French version of the name. From the copy of "St. Genesius-Blad," so kindly forwarded by our correspondent in Holland, we note that the Guild was founded on May 4th, 1919. The periodical is published with episcopal approbation and with royal assent. Further information may be had from the Secretariat, St. Genesius Bond," St. Catherinestraat, 32, Eindhoven, Holland].

* * * *

FOR DECENCY IN DRESS.

Dublin,
June 4th, 1937.

Dear Rev. Father,

The enclosed leaflet is self-explanatory, and is particularly appropriate for this summer season. I am wondering whether you can make up your mind to reproduce at least the part marked with blue pencil. A few Catholic magazines have already commented on it, but in general it seems to be unknown, and is therefore disregarded. I wish you could bring it to the attention of your readers.

Faithfully yours in Dmo.
"CLERICUS."
(*Name and address enclosed*).

(Extract from enclosure)

The Letter of the Congregation of Religious, dated August 23, 1928, pertained to fashions of dress as applying to girl pupils of schools taught by Nuns, and was at the time proclaimed for the city of Rome. The present reference to it, under point 6, extends the application. It offers directives for determining what are proper and improper fashions of dress, reading:

"In order that uniformity of understanding prevail in all institutions of women religious regarding the cases in which the aforecited prescriptions of the Congregation of Religious apply, we recall that a dress cannot be called decent which is cut deeper than two fingers breadth under the pit of the throat, which does not cover the arms at least to the elbows, and scarce reaches beyond the knees. Furthermore, dresses of transparent material are improper, as are also flesh-coloured stockings, which suggest the legs being bare."

There is no doubt now, after the supreme authority of the Church has spoken, that women going about with bare arms and bare legs are offending against Christian modesty and that their style of dress "cannot be called decent."

* * * *

FROM A MISSIONARY

R.C. Mission,
Kanjia,
P.A. Bhanderia,
Dt. Palamu,
via Daltonganj.
8th April, 1937.

Dear Rev. Father,

I sincerely thank you for your kindness in answering my request. Now many are sending papers through your kindness in giving my address and telling my need to them. Many thanks!

I really need papers and books to read. Though the Rev. Mother has sent me a few books, yet I will require more spiritual books to read to get spiritual food and strength.

To tell you the truth, the Bishop has sent me here to start a new mission station among the newly-converted Catholics. Though the Hindu movement is making much efforts, yet I am getting much conversions. Within three years more than 5,000 pagans have been converted. Still there is much hope of conversion, because these people are very poor and need help. Besides, they are much oppressed by the servants of landlords, therefore these poor people come to us to get help. If I had money I would be able to convert many more in no time. There is much news, but unhappily I am much too busy with the building of my shed which is built with grass and wooden posts. For this erection of the shed I have much trouble with the landlord, who is a Hindu, and does not want the mission to be established in his *zamindari*.

Therefore I ask prayers from you all that everything may be well arranged. Once more I thank you very much for your kindness.

Yours sincerely in O.L.,
(REV.) ELIAS KERKETTA

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

THE POPE AND DOCTRINE.

I understand that the Pope has the divine right to change the doctrine of Christ as he sees fit. If this is so, that, in my opinion, is denying the infallibility of Christ.—"A Non-Catholic Reader" (Co. Tyrone).

The Pope has absolutely no right, divine or human, to change any doctrine of Christ, nor has any Pope ever done so. On the contrary, his function in the Catholic Church is to defend, uphold and expound those doctrines of Christ, and when necessary, to give an official pronouncement as to the precise meaning and content of Christ's doctrines. That is what we call "defining" a doctrine.

RELAPSE INTO SIN.

What should be thought of a person who received Holy Communion, if, within twenty-four hours after this, he would deliberately commit mortal sin? Should his intention of going afterwards to confession give him any comfort; or should it add to his guilt? We are taught that God intends one of the fruits of Holy Communion to be the grace to avoid mortal sin.—"Anxious" (Co. Dublin).

This Catholic would seem not to realize what true religion is. Does he act in this way as described only once; or is it his practice to repeat this way of acting? If only once, he may come to reflect upon the gravity of his sin, and upon its terrible consequences, and remorse may move him to a true repentance. But, if his practice is to act in this way, he does not understand the dispositions necessary for true repentance. He would seem to make little of committing mortal sin, because he can go afterwards to confession; but, in the case as presented, we ask where is the necessary intention of permanent amendment? If there is not a true repentance, this person is not rightly disposed for Holy Communion.

AN INVALID MARRIAGE.

Is a fallen-away Catholic validly married to a Protestant girl when they are married by a Protestant minister?—"A Friend" (Glasgow).

No; in the eyes of the Church he is not validly married—that marriage is null and void, the Catholic form of marriage not having been observed. The legislation of the Church is very explicit on this point, as can be seen from Canon 1099 of Canon Law. Even though he be a "fallen-away" Catholic, he is still bound by the laws of the Church.

GRACE IN RESTAURANT.

Should grace be said before and after meals in restaurants? I have often felt very embarrassed about this, and I would like to have your opinion—"J. M." (Dublin).

There seems to be no reason why grace should not be said in a restaurant as well as in the privacy of the home. It is the same God Whom we petition and thank. He is everywhere. Why not then offer Him our thanks when eating in public? The sign of the cross could be omitted if it would cause unnecessary comment, but silent prayer to God for a moment or two cannot be out of place.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

(1) *Will you explain what was the enormity of the sin of Ananias and Sapphira to justify such summary execution?* (2) *Do you believe there was any hope for their souls?*—"A Puzzled Reader" (Dublin).

(1) According to à Lapide's Commentary the consensus of the Fathers was that they committed a grave and sacrilegious theft by withholding part of the money received from the sale of their property. They held that they had either made a vow to give the proceeds of the sale to the Apostle, or that they had solemnly promised the Apostle to do so. Accordingly St. Peter could use the words "fraud" and "lie to the Holy Ghost."

(2) Nothing certain is known concerning this point. The destruction of the body may have been for the salvation of the soul. Certainly it engendered great fear in the infant Church.

MONOTHEISM.

What is meant by the term "Monotheism"? Is it another name for Christianity as opposed to Pantheism?—"F. H." (Co. Sligo).

Monotheism is a religious system that admits of belief in one, and only one, God. Belief in only one God is, of course, not confined to Christianity. For instance there is Jewish monotheism which, among the Orthodox Jews to-day, is the same as the monotheism of the Jews in the pre-Christian era. Another form is seen in Mohammedan monotheism in which Allah is the one and only God.

CONFORMITY TO GOD'S WILL.

Is it a sin to be discontented with one's station in life?—"E. R." (Dublin).

If your state of life is good in itself, and the one to which God has called you, it is wrong not to be reconciled to God's will.

ABBÉ LISZT.

Was the Abbe Liszt, the famous composer, a priest?—"Music-lover" (Dublin).

The Abbé Liszt (1811-1886) was not a priest. In his earlier years at Paris he lived a very lax life, but on his retirement to Weimar in 1849, his best creative period really commenced. In 1858, he sincerely repented of his early laxity and became a Franciscan tertiary. In 1865, he received minor orders, but went no further. It was customary to call those who had received the clerical tonsure—the first step towards the priesthood—by the title "Abbé."

Book Reviews

THINGS I MIGHT HAVE HEARD. By Fr. Martin Dempsey, C.M.S. London: Samuel Walker & Co. Pp. 104. Price, **1s. 6d.**

Shakespeare, in one of the best-known passages of his Play "As You Like It," speaks of the man who "finds sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." It might easily describe the author of *Things I Might Have Heard*. "The Things" about which he has written are inanimate things without tongues of their own, and never destined by their creator to have the gift of speech. And yet he has given them tongues and a fund of eloquence. "The Things" which he has thus endowed have been the material paraphernalia of Catholicism through the centuries—Churches, Bells, Pulpits, Graveyards, Sanctuary-Lamps, Confessionals and Vestments, etc., to take a few at random. All have interesting history to tell could they but speak. Without adopting the rigours of "third degree" methods, the author has made them speak. His own wide knowledge is the secret of their speech. On the first page the Parish Church begins: "It is only a few months ago that I became 'news'. . . . For ninety years I have been on duty—four score and ten years since the Cardinal laid my foundation." . . . So she tells her tale till the Sanctuary Lamp chimes in, in chapter two: "Our church is in the very centre of the city," and so on, till she introduces herself with: "And I am the lamp that burns before Him." The chapters, as they succeed one another, are told in the first person and are full of very useful information about Catholic usages and customs. The style is light and sparkling, which makes the book easy to read. The black-and-white sketches, by Hector St. Luke, add to its attractiveness. Altogether a wholesome, well-written and good-humoured volume from the pen of a writer who is already well known to readers of *The Cross*.

* * * *

THE MADONNA. By Fr. Benedict Williamson. Dublin: Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Ltd. Pp. 178. Price **3s. 6d.**

Fr. Benedict Williamson has given us a book about Our Blessed Lady, which he hopes "may help in some small measure to increase amongst the Faithful that intense personal, affectionate love for the Madonna which should be characteristic of the devotion of every Catholic." It is not a theological treatise nor is it an extravagant work of imagination purporting to be a Life of Our Blessed Lady. How little do we know of Mary? The few meagre facts related in the Gospels are all that we have for certain, and yet these are sufficient, if rightly used, to give us a picture of her that will satisfy all the needs of a loving heart. The Reverend Author has taken S. Thêrese of Lisieux as his guide. She always detested sermons on Our Lady which were built on improbability. "In order that a sermon on the Blessed Virgin may bring forth fruit" she writes, "it should set forth her *real* life, such as it is revealed to us in the Gospels and not her *supposed* life." Fr. Williamson devotes the first three chapters of his book to the study of Ste. Thêrese's devotion to the Madonna. Even in this aspect of her holiness she chose the "little way," the way of the Child. Her teaching on the subject she has left behind her in her many beautiful verses. These the author frequently quotes throughout his book and uses as the basis for his descriptions of the various happenings of Our Lady's life. I am sure the Little Flower herself will be very pleased with his effort, for it is written in her own style and, as it were, under her own tuition. This simple story of Mary's very simple and humble life, will, we feel sure, fulfil the hopes of the author, as quoted in the beginning of this short notice.

* * * *

THE FORGOTTEN PARACLETE. By Mgr. J. R. Landrieux. Translated by E. Leahy. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne: Pp. 145. **3s. 6d.**

"God the Father? God the Son? Yes, underlying these words there is an exact, concrete idea. But the Holy Ghost remains hidden in a remote, obscure mystery." So writes the author in his preface to explain the reason of his writing. Even well-instructed Catholics possess very meagre knowledge of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. They believe in the Holy Ghost according to the article in the Creed which they recite. They know of His gifts which they receive by the Sacrament of Confirmation. But for the most part they take Him for granted and have no clear knowledge of the great work He accomplishes in the matter of their own sanctification. Rarely as they hear a sermon on the subject, rarely is there any encouragement to extend their knowledge by reading. I am afraid the Forgotten Paraclete is a most apt title for this book.

Our Faith indeed is an inexhaustible wonder. The more we know about it, the more we find there is still to be known. There is a distinct pleasure to be gained in deepening our Faith, for every new discovery is but another proof of God's wonderful care and love for us. Nowhere, I think, can this pleasure be more surely experienced than in filling our minds with knowledge of the Holy Ghost. Read then this book by Bishop Landrieux, and imprint its truths deeply on your life. I can say no more. But the proof of its value will be shown in its effects. The Doctrine of Grace will have a new meaning for you. The Sacraments will be more worthily received. The sanctification of your soul will be better understood. Life itself will have a new importance and a new meaning. The book itself is easy to read and inexpensive as books go. There are no difficult Theological discourses, and we may be sure that the Spirit of Truth Himself will fill the mind of the earnest reader with delectable delights.

The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle: open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

DEEP verdure and maturity everywhere. The year is now at its height. Summer is ablaze with its richest glory, and the long days full of sunshine allure us to the open spaces, while the whispering breezes, from the far-off heathery hills and the shadowy fernful woodlands, seem to call us away from the tedious work of study to the cool and restful beauty of the paths of nature. The school doors are now closed, and the time of holidays is with us. Let us make the most of the beautiful summer, and those of us who can afford the pleasures of holidays, and all the delights of youth-time, let us not forget those little ones who suffer in the slums and backwaters of the world. Give them a thought and let each one of us strive to do at least one good deed to gladden the heart of some poor, or sick child, and in this way show our gratitude to God for the joys He has given us.

In this month of the Precious Blood of our Most Holy Redeemer all minds should often dwell on the sufferings of Our Saviour and our hearts respond to the all-redeeming graces that flow from the source of the Most Precious Blood, one drop of which is sufficient to save a world of sinners.

MY POST BAG.

The day my post bag is opened is the happiest of all the month, and this time my joy is very great, indeed; for my letters are numerous, and the messages they contain are as sweet and fragrant as the flowers of the meadowlands. It is good to be remembered, and good also to be the possessor of so many loyal friends. A beautifully-written letter from MARY PALMER has reached me. There is a sad note in it, too, though there is much to rejoice over now that her dear mother is well again. Blessed Gemma Galgani has been doing some of her great deeds, so let us praise God for this wonder-working Maid of Lucca. Thanks for subscription received towards her canonization fund. It will be forwarded to the proper quarters. I was interested in all you told me of Charlie. Well, perhaps God has some better work for him in another sphere of activity. His ways are not our ways. Write soon again and tell me how you are all getting on. I am glad to hear from you. I was so pleased to hear from little BETTY KEELAN, too. Why tell *Francis* "to be good"? Isn't *Francis* always so? *Francis* never "pulled away the chair from grandma when she went to sit on it." How did you get on at the exams., Betty? One day I hope to hear you play many a sweet tune in your own nice way. A most welcome note from my young friend, ROISIN MACKAY, tells me many things. I am sorry to know of her daddy's death. Let us all pause and say a little prayer for the happy repose of his soul. My sympathy to you all in your sorrow. Father Vivian and *Francis* will surely have a warm welcome for your friend.

PRIZE-WINNERS' LETTERS.

From Swinford, KITTY O'BYRNE writes: "I was very thankful to get my prize, and I don't think I could get a nicer book. I have read it all, and I think it very interesting, and I hope to win another prize again." Yes, Kitty, I too hope good luck will smile on you, and that one day you will have a fine collection of prizes all your own. Another happy prize-winner, KITTY KINSELLA, writes: "I think the angels themselves, or was it little Maria, must have been whispering to you when you chose my lovely prize-book, for had you searched the book-shops of the world you could not have found one which would have pleased me better. I assure you that it will always occupy one of the most honoured places on my bookshelves." Now, isn't that a delightful appreciation? Kitty's essay was charming, and she more than deserved her prize. I hope she may get the holiday of her heart's desire. Do give me a detailed

account of how you spend the summer months, and of the beauties of your surroundings in the County of your dreams. Little MARY MCANDREW sends a very readable letter full of news, and telling of her recent visit to Belfast. God bless Kathleen with every grace and happiness in her new life. What a noble choice was hers ! Why did you not accept that nice, little job from your friend ? Surely it was an enviable one—"nothing to do but to curl his hair every night, and feed his cat and his dog every day." If you don't step in quickly, maybe *Francis* would have a try for it. SHEILA MCANDREW asks the prayers of the Guilders for her sister's success in the missionary fields of Africa. I am sure they will respond wholeheartedly to her request. We warmly greet JOHN CAWLEY, of *Manorland, Trim.* I am certain he will prove a most faithful member of the Guild of St. Gabriel. The name you enquire about is Burke. Is it the name of your friend ? We all mourn the loss of Fr. Francis and Fr. Berchmans keenly. May God reward their earthly labours with unending happiness in the land that is eternal. ELEANOR DARGAN of Glasgow is coming to Ireland for her holidays. She feels the allure of the Green Isle, so I hope the weather will be kind and that she may have a joyful vacation. It is a pleasure to hear from PATRICIA MCENTEE again. She has a generous heart, and is delighted that MARY PALMER, her school friend, has carried off a prize in our Guild competitions lately. Yes, Patricia, I too, wish we had space to publish Mary's essay, and also the work of several of our competitors. We must approach the Editor one day and demand another page for our fast-growing Guild. I trust BETTY BATEMAN has got her Badge by this. No wonder she was lonely without the dear little emblem of the Passionist Order that has brought so many graces and blessings to its wearers. Write to me soon again, Betty. Perhaps you would try for one of our prizes ? MARY MULDOON writes a most interesting letter, and tells me all about herself and her brother, Danny. I trust he is well now. St. Gabriel must be keeping an eye on him. Everyone seemed to lament the passing of the beautiful Maytime of this year. Our Mother's month never seemed so fair. I believe Our Blessed Lady takes special care of those who bear her name, and that her protecting arm ever guides them in life.

My post bag would not be the same without my batch of missives from *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham.* My little friends are all so happy and full of spirits, though they must suffer a lot at times. SYLVIA NEAL'S letter is really beautiful. Some month, perhaps, I could publish a good long extract from it. I am delighted to hear WINNIE WALPOLE is well again, and I hope she will continue to write to the Guild from her home. MARGARET RIDLEY introduces JOAN DALY, who is ever so welcome. Margaret's letter is splendid. How nice to see MURIEL BRINE again. I am sure you had lots to tell each other, JOAN SPINK, and next time please remind her to write to *Francis.* I was much interested in your fine description of the Congress. A warm Irish welcome to BETTY MCNULTY, and thanks for her charming letter. Some day I hope to come and have a peep at you all in Coleshill. What a happy day that will be. When are you coming to lovely Ireland, Betty ? "My brother has bought me a love-bird," says MARIAN BAILEY, "and the colour of it is blue. I think I shall call it 'Joey'." I do hope Joey will brighten you up with his pretty songs. Thanks to PETER SWALES for his letter. He must be lonely for his friend, JOHN FULLER. Congratulations on getting the *Fainne,* MARGARET LYCETT. You truly deserve to win one of those coveted scholarships. Success to you !

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best letter to *Francis,* the prize is awarded to JOAN MCCARTHY, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix.*

In the competition for the best essay on "My Home," the prize goes to EITHNE MARRON, *Annagheane, Scotshouse, Clones.*

AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19.—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Benefits of Reading."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16.—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Cornfields in August."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13.—A Prize is offered for the best list of Wild Flowers.

SEND BEFORE JULY 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON JULY, 1937

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